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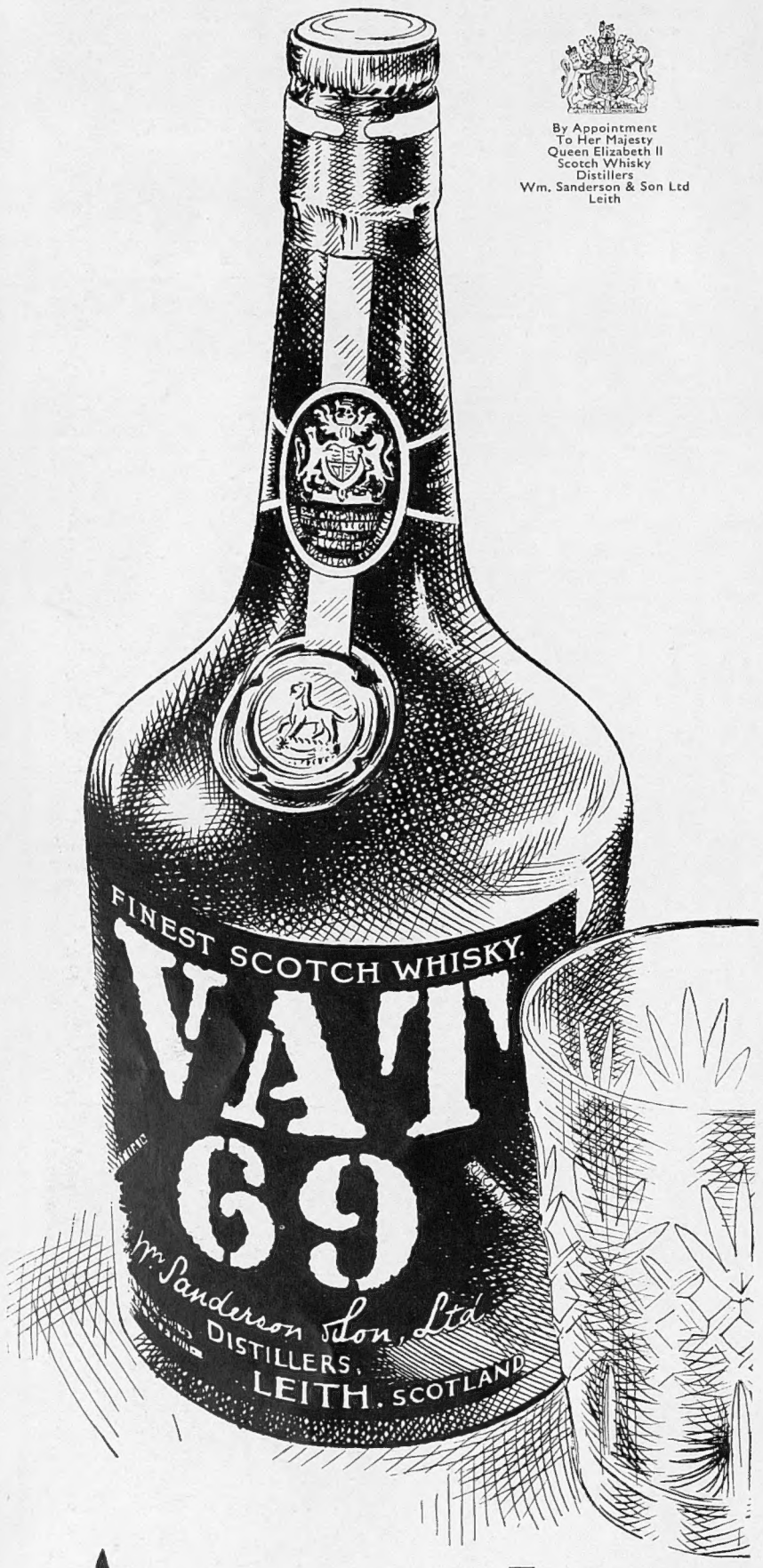

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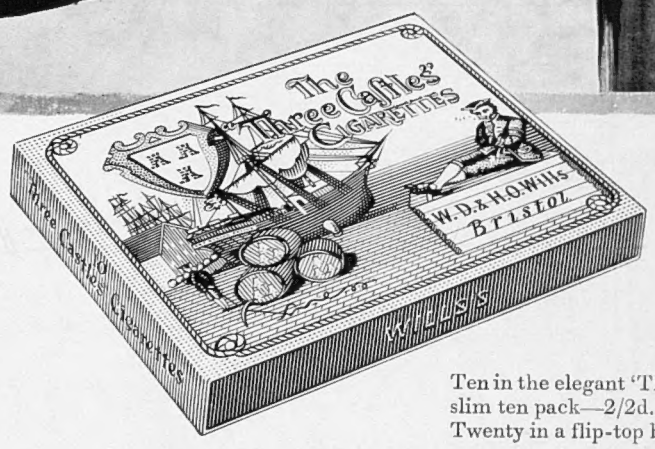

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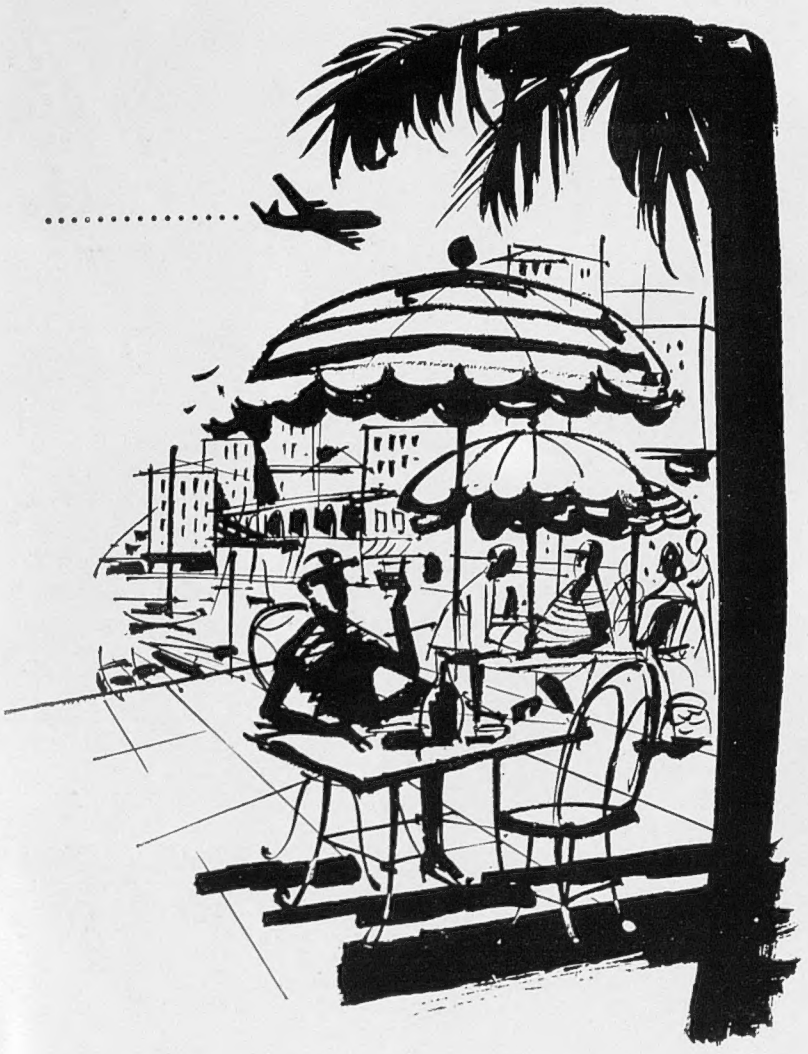

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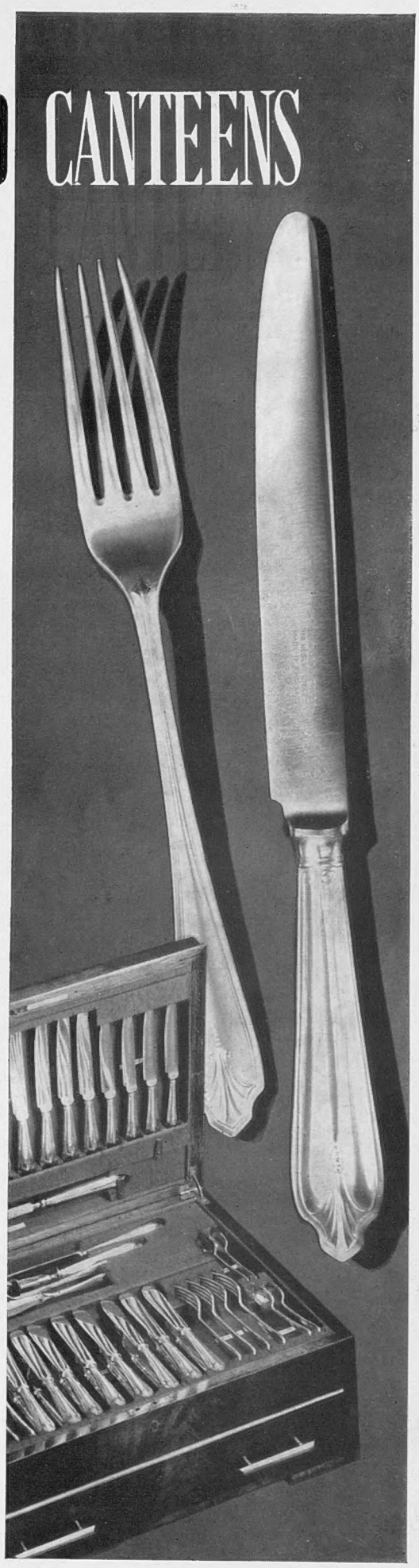

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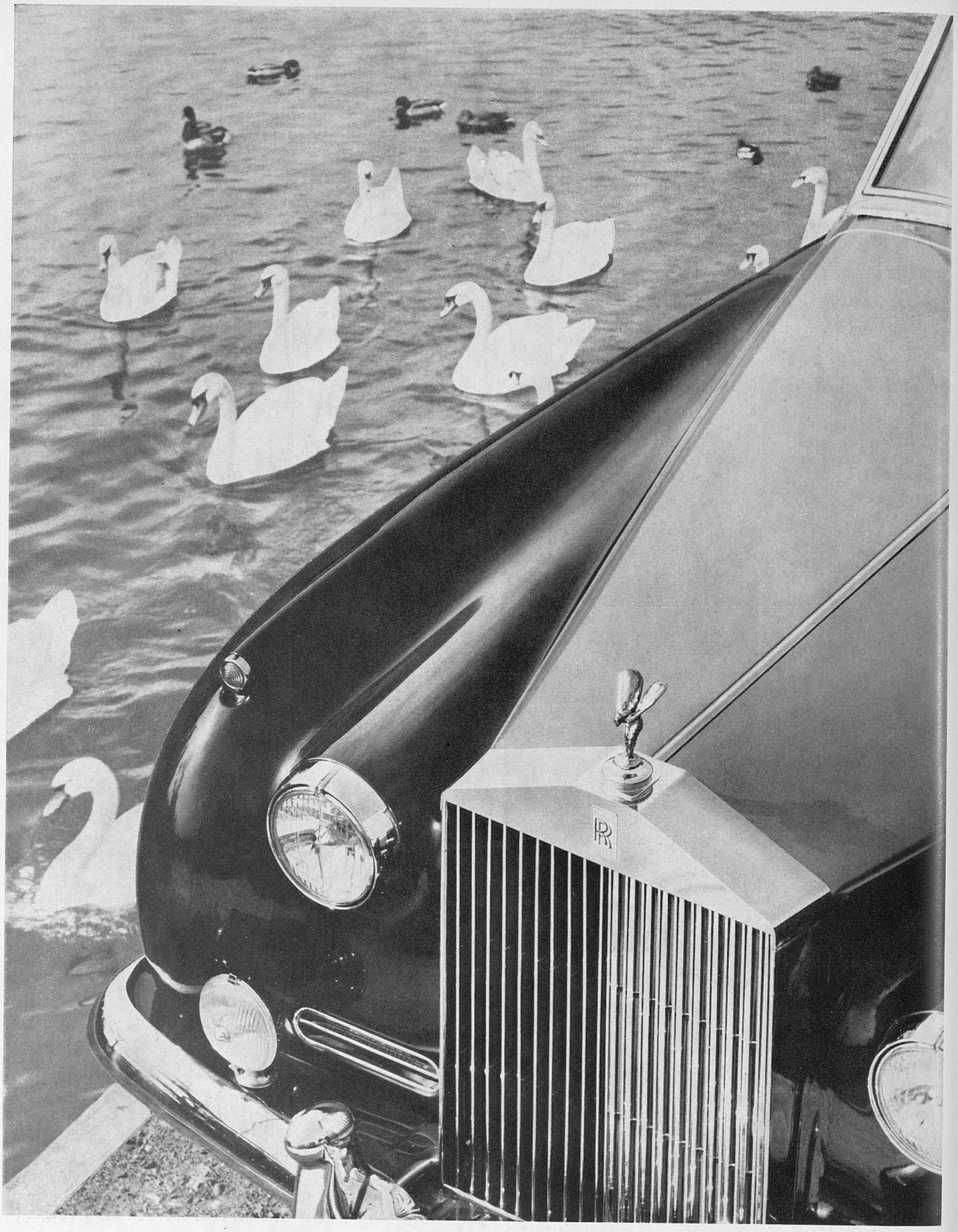

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Volume CCXXXI No. 3008

The SPHERE, London, November 23, 1957

The SPHERE

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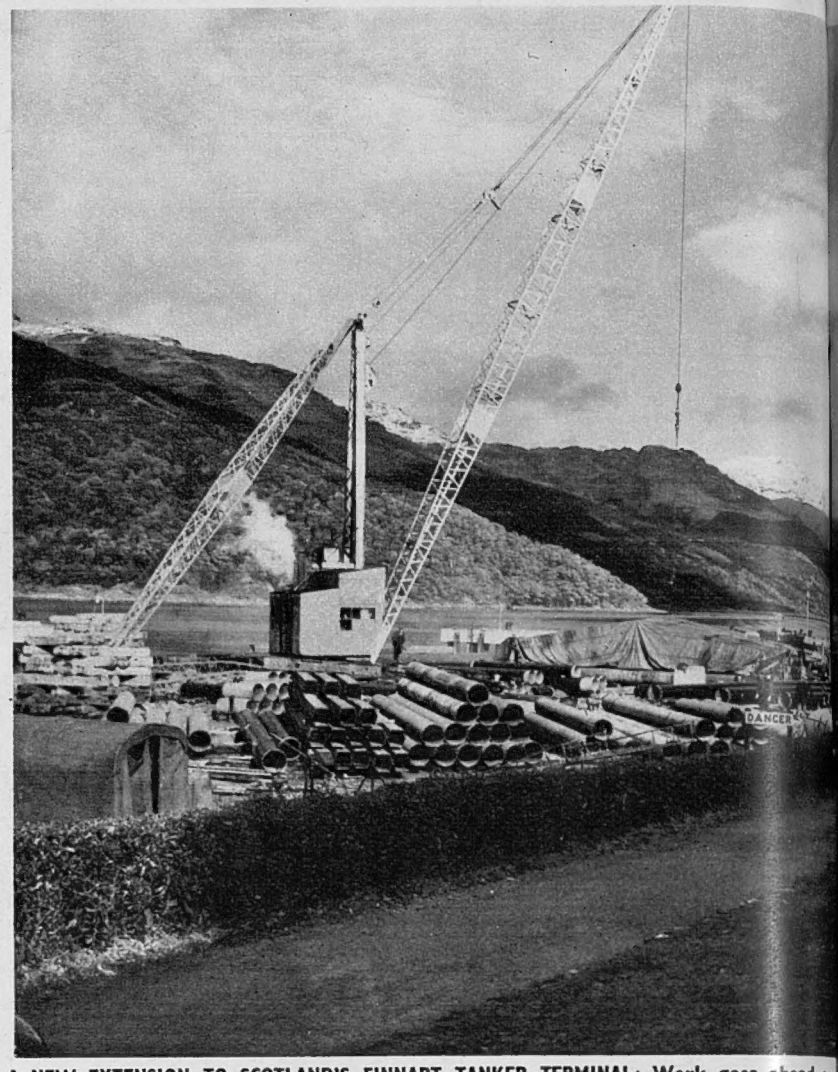
A ROYAL OPENING FOR THE NEW LLOYD'S BUILDING—THE QUEEN MOTHER VISITS THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS INSURANCE ORGANISATION: Her Majesty is looking at some of the sketches made by Mr. Terence Cuneo during her visit to the building in Lime Street, in the City of London. Princess Margaret is standing in the background with Mr. P. W. Milligan, the Deputy Chairman of Lloyd's. On the right is Mrs. Walter Barrie, wife of the Chairman.

The new Lloyd's building in Lime Street is one of the largest post-war constructions in the City of London. It has cost nearly £5,000,000 and is joined to the old 1928 building by means of a bridge. Since 1952 there have been two Royal ceremonies in connection with the new building. The first ceremony took place in November 1952 when the foundation-stone was laid by the Queen, and for the occasion Her Majesty used the trowel, mallet and level which her grandfather, King George V, had used when he laid the foundation-stone of the old building in 1925. Last week, the Queen Mother, accompanied by Princess Margaret, performed the second Royal ceremony when she formally opened the new building and unveiled a commemorative plaque. On arrival, the members of the Royal party were met by the new Lord Mayor, Sir Denis Truscott; the Chairman of Lloyd's, Mr. Walter Barrie, and other officials. The Lutine Bell was rung in accordance with tradition, and the Queen Mother went to the 340-ft.-long underwriting room for the ceremony, which was attended by more than 3,000 guests. A little later the Queen Mother met Mr. Terence Cuneo and saw the sketches which he made for a painting of the opening ceremony. Pictures of the interior of the new building appear on page 306.

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

A NEW SCULPTURE OF THE QUEEN: The work of Mr. Ben Enwonwu, a Nigerian sculptor, it is on view at the winter exhibition at the gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists, in London. The statue is to be cast in bronze for the House of Representatives in Lagos.



A NEW EXTENSION TO SCOTLAND'S FINNART TANKER TERMINAL: Work goes ahead on and oil-discharging installation at the tanker terminal on Loch Long. The term be a 57-mile-long pipeline to the company's Grangemouth refinery in East Scotla

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C2

The Best You've Got, Sir.—Bertrand Russell, No. 1 referee in all philosophical and mathematical quizzes, looks like a sage and can usually coin a phrase that looks like sheer logical truth. On the subject of space-travel, he concludes that, although in our time, pioneers in space-suits and armour, with built-in feeding-tubes and oxygen, might survive on Mars or the moon long enough to plant the Hammer and Sickle or Stars and Stripes on an extinct volcano, yet for at least two centuries longer, our humanity must resign itself to living on the earth. That being so, why not try to make the earth more comfortable, as most of us do, who, promised a new council house in the distant future, stop up the leaks and draughts in our condemned cottage. It 's the best we 've got *pro tem*. How to do it ? A non-Christian suggests that it can be done by taking a leaf from Christianity and really trying to learn to love and not hate our neighbours. In other words, to learn how to be happy even at the cost of enduring the happiness of those whom we have been taught to hate or have hated without coaching. If the lesson can't be learned, every increase in knowledge is only a step nearer complete world suicide. Words shrewdly marshalled even now are not without force. A smart phrase can make people think. And that is why statesmen, in their amateur or parrot-like way, still pour them out, hoping to coin the *mot juste*. But, if Lord Russell has hit the nail on the head, it is high time for actions, even desperate experiments in action. And little as we are inclined to trust Khrushchev, I should be inclined to risk a little more disappointment in meeting him at the poker-table to call his bluff or see his hand. Things on the earth can't be much worse than they are, while our own hand remains a bust straight. The Kremlin may not use the Bible as a blue book, but, none the less, might decide that a little bout of peaceful coexistence might suit their plans, economically at least. Even sabre-rattlers find that the sword outwears its sheath.

Windscale Findings.—The most dangerous and least understood materials are to-day being handled at Windscale and other centres, and since the human element is always liable to error or to a sudden lapse of attention or care, no precaution is too small to reduce the chances of danger to life. The Premier's memorandum on the accident was frank and swift. Annexed to it were six reports from different bodies interested in the investigation. None is definitive or final. Investigations will proceed from all angles. That of the B.M.A. is the most assured in tone. It believes that it is in the highest degree unlikely that the greatest danger (from iodine 131) has affected either the workers or any of the public within reasonable distance. Confident also have been the findings on the skill and devotion and courage shown by the workers at Windscale in dealing with the accident which (it is frankly admitted) was caused by lack of sufficient instruction and equipment at the disposal of the physicist in charge who did not possess a copy of a vital manual of directions. The organisation was faulty, there were errors of judgment, there was " weakness of instrumentation." The Authority accepts the blame. There will be no victimisation. Such an accident, it is said, could not occur at Calder Hall or among the Electricity Authority's reactors under construction. The Atomic Energy Authority has already taken drastic steps to correct its confessed errors. It will subject itself further to an independent advisory committee before bringing the second pile back into use. The public's anxieties have been justified by the accident and will not be allayed with less than is now promised to achieve more absolute safeguards. The fact remains that science is learning all the time by trial and error as it experiments with the unknown, and the whole nation must share in the result of the errors, hoping ultimately to benefit from the trials.

To Ban or not to Ban ?—In most vital controversies the arguments pro and con can always be marshalled compellingly, but usually the opposing camps are satisfied that their arguments weigh the scale down on their side. In the controversy over Britain's resolve to continue to experiment with and to pile up atomic weapons, both sides put up a convincing case. I read Mr. Priestley's long article in the *New Statesman* and concluded that any " reasonable, sensible man " must find his arguments overwhelmingly convincing. For Britain to continue to pant behind the two leaders in the race to world destruction on the plea that our national pride demands it, can appear as a pretty sitting target for ridicule and contempt, and Russia's obvious present superiority in technique makes Britain's small contribution more illogical and futile. On the other side, we have the bitter historic lessons of a Britain, through public apathy or meanness, left naked to her enemies, and we can hardly blame a Government resolved not to be branded as was Chamberlain by his faith in the peaceful assurances of dictators and his surrender to the will of a wishful-thinking people for whom present taxation is more terrible than an unforeseeable future of slavery. Even Mr. Bevan has come to see the scales more nicely balanced than his earlier arguments suggested. The words and actions of Hitler are hardly needed to forearm us against the words and actions of the Kremlin dictator of the day, but " he is thrice-armed who has his quarrel just." And for ever the nagging doubt returns: can nuclear experiments designed for war ever find justification ?

Dead Sea Apples.—*The Employers' Challe* by Messrs. Clegg and Adams, just published, is well wor reading by the general public. The authors seek establish three premises. First, that working hours l by strikes in the last thirty years were much less than earlier periods. Second, that the most *damaging* strik occur during depressions, even if strikes are more freque during full employment. Third, when large-scale strik occur during an era of trade prosperity, the cause of the is one of principle, not primarily of wage adjustment; short, a " class war." The authors examine the cours taken in the shipbuilding and engineering strikes of t year. They suggest that the Government, having accept since 1940 the principle that industrial conflict is l disastrous than uncontrolled inflation, dished the employ by going back to the older heresy that industrial confl is the greatest enemy to the nation's economy; and failing to support the employers gave to the union renewed lease of ascendancy. Alone, the employers w powerless; they had no allies in the nationalised industr and full employment must always reduce the penalties reckless and unreasonable strikes. This time, it is assum

RISING COS

IT was exactly a decade ago—in October 194 that the price of THE SPHERE was raised fr 1s. 6d. to 2s. a copy. Since that time, in spite of t most rapid decline in the purchasing power of mo in British history, THE SPHERE has remained at t same figure. Now, however, the progressively creasing rises in production costs have forced us increase the price of this journal to 2s. 6d.—an evitable step brought about by unrelenting econo pressure.

Figures taken out by our accountants demonstr that in the last ten years costs have risen to an exor tant degree. No longer, then, can the proprieto " cushion " the effect to the reader of rising co As from the issue of November 30, therefore, ask our readers to share some part of the burd with us.

It must be appreciated that this increase of 25 cent. represents a comparatively small proportion the charges which we ourselves bear; and, indeed, m other items in readers' budgets have risen by a greater degree since 1947. We for our part will deavour, so far as we are able, to improve the

nstruction of British Petroleum's new jetty ill feed B.P. storage tanks and there will e refinery is also being expanded.

THE HUNTING SEASON IS UNDER WAY—AN OPENING MEET NEAR CIRENCESTER, IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE: A general view of the scene during the Cotswold Hunt's first meet of the new season at Cotswold Park. Despite the prevailing unfavourable weather conditions of frost and fog, there was a large field at the meet. The Master and huntsman of the Cotswold Hunt is Sir Hugh Arbuthnot.

he Government is firmer. If the trade unions believe hat, there is still time for men of good sense on both sides f industry to get together to find a third (and much heaper) escape to peace in industry and with it a cure of nflation, by pledges of mutual restraint. As in war, so n industrial disputes, victory is secured always at a heavy ost. The fruits of victory are instantly found to be lead sea apples.

Juan in America.—Most spouters who visit the States on a lecture tour find that it pays them, one way or another. I am quite sure that Mr. Bevan did not go there for money and I am pretty sure he would not admit to have gone there to test the confidence of the Americans in a British Labour Government with himself in the second key position. Certainly he went, with confidence in his own great abilities as a speaker and expounder of ideas, to make contacts and to put over the latest views—for views and policies undergo frequent revision—of his party and of himself on world affairs. He has had his successes. His mental agility has been praised and he has not dressed his acknowledged character in sheep's clothing. He has been smart and sometimes aggressive, and in the American Press and among his audiences he has got as good as he gave. He was seldom headline news; some of his lectures were flops. He was out to contact big-business rather than to spellbind the masses, and conversion was not his primary mission. Rather, I think, he went as an explorer to an unknown continent—for every year nowadays every continent needs to be re-explored and charted—and to test his personal weapons and devices before critical and enlightened audiences against a day when these might be called into use with a change of government in which he himself would play a major role in world affairs alongside our Big Brother. To sweeten Big Brother, such efforts at conversion as he deemed necessary were directed first to self-conversion. If continents are annually born again, so must be ambitious statesmen. And Mr. Bevan is no exception.

Pillar to Post.—Very shadowy were Mr. Sandys' outlines of our new defence policy and strategy in the House and very diffuse and muddled were the Opposition's criticisms as regards our land forces. The search for new bases has resulted in the choice of three "pockets of resistance," a reduced Cyprus, a limited Kenya and a desert base in the Aden area. Modern prohibitions and conditions make these areas at once dependent on adequate air transport for combining their resources and isolated one from another by prohibited flying areas and lack of such transport. There may well be economy and greater efficiency in central control. We are left guessing on vital matters concerning the weapons to be employed (what *are* to-day's conventional weapons?) and the kind of "trouble" our plans for defence are prepared to deal with. Whatever the weapons may be and whatever the objects of their use, there must be an adequate supply of men to use them and carry out the missions. That truth is recognised and the time-honoured umbrella of governments is to be unfurled. A civilian committee will sit to consider the means necessary to tempt into the Army the bare numbers deemed necessary to do the job. At the moment they won't come forward. Before Army recruits will face the unknown, they need to be assured of inducements in terms of pay at least equal to those offered in industry, and of the means to qualify for civilian employment when their soldiering days are done in middle age. It is not enough to invite recruits to "join the army and see the world." The world that our soldiers see is seldom a magnet for tourists, and life in an industrial city in Britain is to most young men more comfortable and even colourful than Aden, Cyprus and Kenya and the Far East.

Nibbling at Reform.—The Government's measure of reform for the second chamber—the Life-Peerage Bill—is apparently to be reinforced by a proposal in the Upper House, moved by Lord Swinton, so to vary Standing Orders as to enable any hereditary peers to opt out of attending the House. The object is to remove the danger of swamping the House with backwoodsmen during some debate that touches them all nearly. The proposal would probably win through, but how many of the hundreds who rarely attend would "opt out"? Fifty? A hundred? Those who did so would be bound in honour to keep out, surrender their hereditary rights for at least a Parliament's duration. This is but nibbling at reform, just as the creation of more life-peers is nibbling at tackling the hereditary system in its more trivial aspect of creating "class distinctions," which, if unimportant, are, none the less, anomalous to our equalitarian democracy, and tiresome even to many of the "distinguished." Just like the children of law lords, the children of the new life-peers will all be entitled to the style "honourable." Many boys and girls at school, and seeking careers in industry, will carry this distinction, embarrassing to some of them, and the second generation will be sometimes handicapped as the children of "people of title." Why can't the new life-peers be called senators and a beginning be made to what is bound to come about soon—a gradual decline in hereditary distinctions?

Oxford Historic Buildings Appeal.—In June last the Chancellor and trustees of the fund to restore Oxford's historic buildings launched their appeal. After four months it was found that only 7,000 out of Oxford's 60,000 graduates had responded. It was, quite rightly, decided to renew the appeal. This second appeal, in my own experience, is a perfect example of how *not* to appeal. The organisation must be utterly haywire and I cannot believe that it would cost more to straighten it out so that it really may appeal and not merely alienate sympathisers. Early in July I had responded as far as I could to the first appeal and received a grateful acknowledgement. On November 6 I received the second appeal, within four months of my response to the first. That in itself was irritating and in my view it was mere waste of money to bombard those who had so recently subscribed. But on November 7 I received *by the same post* two more exact duplicates of that of the previous day, costing 9d. in postage and something more in printed matter and envelopes. Thus an estimable fraction of my own subscription has been muddled away in largely futile canvassing. Sixty thousand shillings are £3,000.

Ponies of Britain Club.—The Ponies of Britain Club was founded in 1952 by Mrs. Glenda Spooner. Its objects are to maintain a high standard of British pony breeds and of riding ponies generally (thoroughbred crosses, and so on) and by so doing to develop the market for them both at home and abroad. Its aims appear to have greatly succeeded. In Britain and America and Canada the demand follows a growing and enthusiastic cult. Miss Gladys Yule, the Club's chairman, who died recently, made herself responsible for the running expenses of the Club. At the end of this year that responsibility on her estate ends and Mrs. Spooner appeals now to Club members and the interested public to support her plan to raise a sum sufficient to keep the Club as a proprietary club by subscription or covenants. Mrs. Spooner (Brookside Farm, Ascot) will explain the details of the appeal to all interested enquirers.

THE OLD STAGER

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THE SCENE OF THE CRASH IN WHICH FORTY-THREE PEOPLE LOST THEIR LIVES: In this aerial view the camera looks down on a scene of desolation. The wreckage of an Aquila Airways flying-boat is strewn down the slopes of a chalk quarry in a hillside wood near Calbourne, in the Isle of Wight, into which it crashed shortly before midnight last Friday. Forty-three people were killed and fifteen were seriously injured. The flying-boat was carrying passengers from Southampton to Madeira, via Lisbon.

On right—

THE TAIL OF THE ILL-FATED AIRCRAFT: It is lying, badly charred, at the bottom of the chalk-pit, and was the only section of the aircraft which was recognisable afterwards. The flying-boat—GAKNU, and named "Sydney"—did not catch fire until after it had crashed into the face of the pit. Rescue services went into action immediately. A number of the bodies were dragged from the blazing fuselage but the structure quickly burned out.

FLYING-BOAT DISASTER

Many Lives Were Lost when a Holiday-Bound Flying-Boat Crashed on the West Coast of the Isle of Wight

Shortly before midnight on Friday, November 15, a four-engined Solent flying-boat operated by Aquila Airways Limited crashed into the slopes of a chalk quarry on a hillside wood near Calbourne, in the Isle of Wight. Forty-three people were killed and fifteen were seriously injured. One of the injured persons died later in hospital. The flying-boat was carrying passengers from Southampton to Madeira, via Lisbon. A quarter of an hour before the crash, the pilot radioed that he was returning to Southampton Water, No. 4 engine having feathered. As the aircraft flew low over the island it was seen by a party of Army troops on a night exercise on the slopes near to where it crashed. All the troops were mustered by "walkie-talkie" and within minutes they were helping to drag bodies from the flaming wreckage. The whole of the island's rescue services went into operation and extra police, firemen and doctors were brought over from the mainland. A number of men and women were brought out of the blazing fuselage alive, all badly burned. They were given first aid and taken to St. Mary's Hospital, Newport. It was not until the aircraft hit the face of the chalk quarry that it burst into flames. Lighted debris was flung into the air. This fell amid trees, lighting up the whole area.

THE SEARCH CONTINUES FOR THE VICTIMS : Police, firemen and members of the armed services are searching amid the tangled debris for the last of the victims. The rescue operations were carried out in an extremely heavy mist which shrouded the entire area. They continued throughout the night until daybreak.

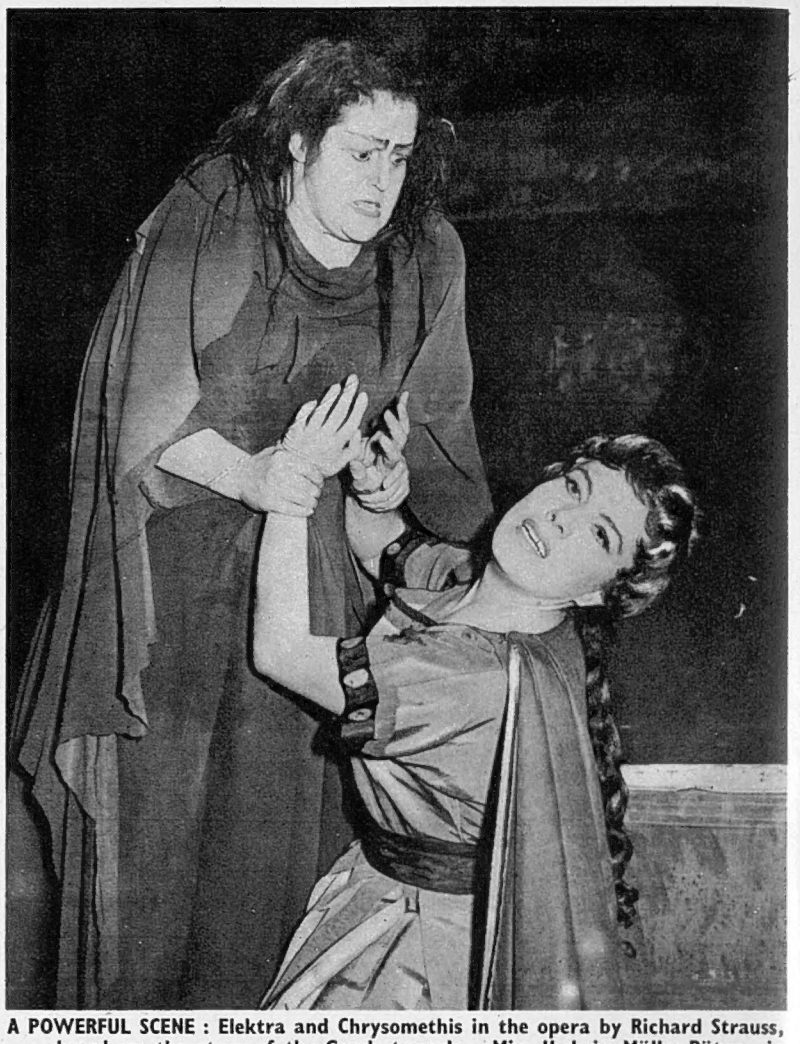
ONE OF THE BURNT-OUT ENGINES : Firemen sift the charred remains near one of the engines. A quarter of an hour before the crash, the pilot of the flying-boat radioed that he was returning to Southampton as No. 4 engine was out of action.

THE HILLTOP ON THE NORTH-WEST TIP OF THE ISLAND : Between the severed tail, still standing upright, and a bent propeller, in right foreground, firemen have a final look at the wreckage. Most of the passengers on board were going on a winter holiday.

OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN

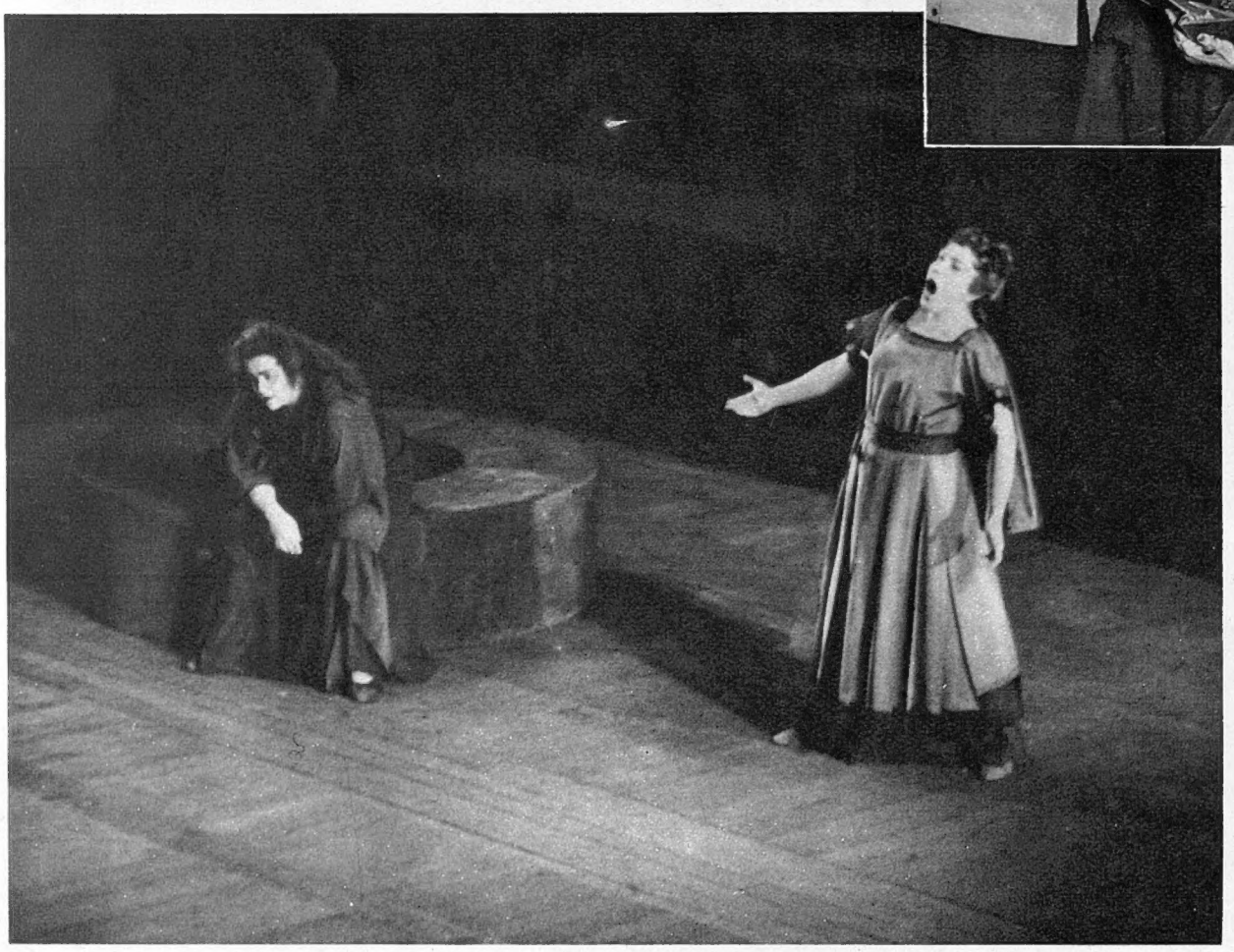
A Memorable "Elektra" is Given by a New Operatic Star

THE LONDON DEBUT OF A GERMAN OPERA SINGER : Gerda Lammers has the title role in *Elektra*, at the Royal Opera House, in London. Her performance has been widely acclaimed for her acting as well as her singing. She comes from Kassel. *Below*—Elektra (on left) in the palace courtyard at Mycenæ with Chrysomethis (Hedwig Müller-Bütow).



A POWERFUL SCENE : Elektra and Chrysomethis in the opera by Richard Strauss, based on the story of the Greek tragedy. Miss Hedwig Müller-Bütow, in the latter role, also comes from Germany—from the Berlin State Opera.

THE CONDUCTOR AND THE THREE LEADING WOMEN : Off stage at the Royal Opera House Rudolf Kempe discusses a point in the score with, from the left, Gerda Lammers, Georgine von Milinkovic, who sings Klytemnestra, and Hedwig Müller-Bütow.



The first night of *Elektra* last Saturday brought a new star to the London opera stage—Miss Gerda Lammers, from Kassel, in Germany. She came into the cast of *Elektra* at short notice to take the title-part in the place of Miss Christel Goltz, who was unable to appear owing to illness. This makes her splendid performance all the more praiseworthy. Strauss's opera, with its vast orchestra and accent on the brass, is difficult to sing with the most extensive rehearsal. But Miss Lammers has not only the voice to sustain this role throughout all the arduous demands made on it. She has also the equipment of a great actress. For instance, the scene in which she imagines she sees her father, Agamemnon, in the courtyard of the Palace of Mycenæ is as memorable for its drama as for its singing.

That the production is also a triumph for Dr. Rudolf Kempe goes without saying. Like Miss Lammers, he overcomes all obstacles in the intricate score, building-up to the great climaxes and relaxing the tension between them. All the other singers maintain the highest standard. Notable among them are Miss Georgine von Milinkovic as Klytemnestra, Miss Hedwig Müller-Bütow as Chrysomethis —she also took the part at short notice— and Mr. Otakar Kraüs as Orest.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A SOVIET–EGYPTIAN CONVERSATION : Marshal Bulganin, Mr. Mikoyan and Marshal Malinowsky (right), the new Russian Defence Minister, talk with Major-General Amer, the Egyptian Minister of War, at a reception given in the Egyptian Embassy by General Amer during his visit to Moscow. The occasion was notable for some remarks made by Mr. Khrushchev, who, as usual, held the limelight. Talking to some Western journalists who were present, he sneered at Britain's efforts during the first two years of the war. In almost the same breath he proclaimed that he would like to visit Britain again because he thought the British people would like to see him.

MR. BEN-GURION, OUT OF HOSPITAL, ENTERTAINS A VISITOR FROM GERMANY : The Prime Minister of Israel sits in his residence in Jerusalem with Dr. Max Adenauer, the son of the Chancellor of the German Federal Republic, and his wife. On the previous day Mr. Ben-Gurion had been discharged from hospital, where he had been since the end of last month recovering from injuries received when a bomb was thrown in the Knesset. Two other Israeli cabinet ministers were also kept in hospital after the outrage.

FRENCH INDIGNATION OVER ARMS TO TUNISIA : General Pierre Billotte (left) and M. Pierre Schneiter (right), two of the French delegates, confer with M. Spaak, NATO Secretary-General, after the French delegation had walked out of the NATO Parliamentary conference in Paris. The action was taken as a protest against the decision of Britain and the United States to send arms to Tunisia. The French claim that such supplies may be used by Algerian rebels. The Anglo-American viewpoint is that Tunisia must be kept in the Western orbit. M. Pineau, the French Foreign Minister, arrived in Washington early this week and it was hoped that as result of his talks with Mr. Dulles a critical situation would be resolved.

On left—

MR. BEVAN AT THE WHITE HOUSE : He is seen with the President after an informal talk in Washington. Mr. Bevan said that he had found Mr. Eisenhower alert and vigorous and was deeply impressed by his obvious desire to prevent the horror of a third world war. The "Foreign Secretary" of the Labour "shadow cabinet" had been making a lecture tour of many centres in America. Before leaving New York for England last week, he told reporters that from his point of view he considered his visit "very successful." Everywhere he had met with great kindness. "I made a point of speaking quite frankly and saying the same things in America as I would in England," he stated.

TURKISH TROOPS ON SHOW : The 61st Infantry Regiment of the Turkish Army takes part in a military display held at Ankara during the State visit to Turkey of President Gronchi of Italy. Troops are riding in American-built Army trucks and are wearing steel helmets based on a British design, now obsolete. Some 5,000 men and 1,000 military vehicles participated in the review. They ranged from the colourful Yenitchari troops in their traditional Ottoman costumes, who led the parade armed with swords and muskets, to the latest types of American heavy tanks.

THE ARRIVAL OF LORD LISTOWEL AT ACCRA : Lord Listowel, the first Governor-General of Ghana, inspects a guard of honour at Accra Airport on his arrival there from London. In the early months of independence Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, the former Colonial Governor, temporarily held the new post, and subsequently the African Chief Justice Sir Arku Korsah has acted. Lord Listowel will live for the time being in Flagstaff House, Accra. Later he will move into the newly-decorated State House which will then become the official residence of the Queen's representative in Ghana.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

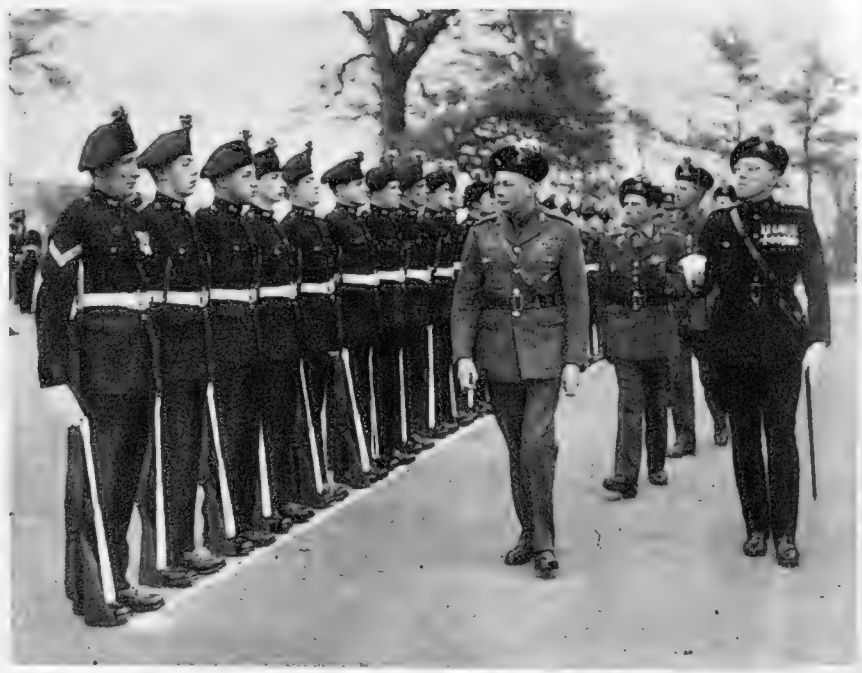
EIGHT NEW ROOMS AT THE V. AND A. : A corner of one of the new rooms opened at the Victoria and Albert Museum in South Kensington, London. The first addition to exhibition space there since 1909, the new rooms are to be a permanent home for oil paintings and water-colours. Two rooms are devoted to Constable, two contain English water-colours, and in another is the Ionides Collection. In three rooms hang English oils since 1700.

"LAIKA IS DEAD" : Professor Ivan Bardin (standing left behind table), Chairman of the Soviet International Geophysical Year Committee, reads a statement announcing the death of the space dog in Sputnik II at a Press conference in Moscow. Standing with him at the table is Professor Alexei Pokrovski, who is in charge of the biological programme for rockets and satellites. In answering questions, Professor Pokrovski confirmed that the dog was dead. He said : "The work of the oxygen regeneration plant came to an end when the experiment finished." Another Soviet scientist who was present added that the problem of recovery of animals had not been completely solved.

ARGENTINIAN VISIT TO R.A.F. STATION : Senor Candiotti, the Argentine Ambassador, stands on the dais at the R.A.F. station at Halton, Bucks, during a ceremony at which the Argentine Air Force Sword and Gold Medal were presented. On the right are cadets of the Argentine School of Military Aviation, now visiting Britain.

On left—
AN ARGENTINE SWORD FOR AN R.A.F. CADET : Pilot Officer J. H. Constable receives the Argentinian Air Force Sword from Comodoro Llerena, Air Attaché in Great Britain.

THE JEWISH NATIONAL REMEMBRANCE SERVICE IN LONDON : Standard-bearers formed up on Horse Guards Parade, are inspected by Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor. They were taking part in the annual Jewish national Remembrance Service attended by 4,000 Jewish ex-Service men and women. The ceremony included a march past and the laying of a wreath on the Cenotaph in Whitehall. The religious service was conducted by the Chief Rabbi, the Very Rev. Israel Brodie.

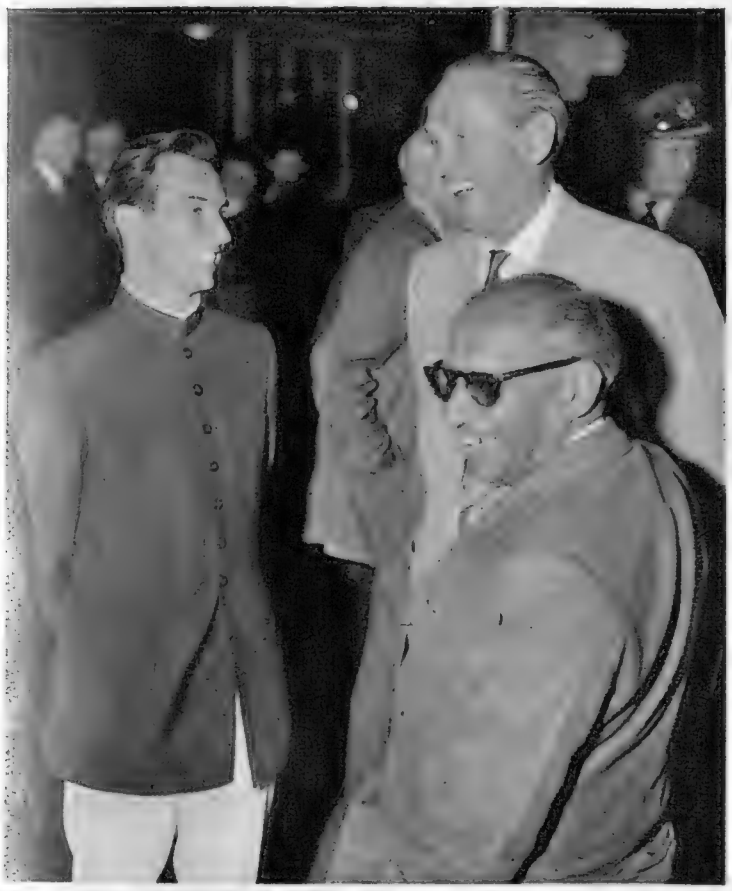


A ROYAL VISIT TO THE INNISKILLINGS : The Duke of Gloucester, Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, inspects the 1st Battalion, the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, during his visit to Knook Camp, Warminster, in Wiltshire. Among those presented to the Duke during his visit was a seventy-four-year-old veteran who had served with the regiment for twenty years and was disabled during the First World War. He was born in India when his father was serving there as an Inniskilling bandmaster.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

AFTER AN EXPLOSION WHICH CAUSED FIVE DEATHS ON THE IRISH BORDER: The wreckage of the cottage is at Carrickarnon, County Louth, in Eire, less than a mile from the border with Northern Ireland. It was blown up in the early hours of the morning and the bodies of five men were found in the debris. Only one of the dead could be identified immediately. Nearby a cache of small-arms, ammunition and four machine-guns was unearthed. The authorities on both sides of the border started extensive investigations.

FLOODS IN NORTHERN ITALY: Police carry inhabitants through the water on the island of Camerini, in the Po Delta. Some twenty square miles of land in the area were inundated by heavy rains and by the bursting of dykes protecting the islands in the river's mouth. From many villages the population was evacuated with livestock and agricultural implements. Emergency dykes were built to prevent the floods spreading.



THE COLONIAL SECRETARY IN KENYA: Mr. Lennox-Boyd makes a joke with the Aga Khan (left) and Mr. I. E. Nathoo, the Kenya Minister of Works, at the airport at Nairobi. He was about to fly back to London after announcing his proposals for constitutional changes in Kenya. A few days later his plan was rejected by the African leaders in the colony.

On left—

THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER AND HIS PREDECESSOR: M. Felix Gaillard (right) leaves a Cabinet meeting in Paris with M. Bourgès-Maunoury, the former Premier, who has become Minister of the Interior in the Gaillard Government. Throughout last week the Prime Minister and his colleagues were in constant discussion. Their main problems were the framing of economic reforms which would not split the coalition and the question of North Africa, including the supply of arms to Tunisia by the Western Powers.

COMPENSATION FOR THE SUEZ CANAL COMPANY: Mr. Eugene Black (right), the President of the World Bank, is pictured in Cairo with Dr. Abdul Kaissuny, the Egyptian Minister of Finance. They had been discussing compensation for the Suez Canal Company as result of the nationalisation of the Canal by Egypt. Mr. Black, who is acting as mediator on this question, also had talks in Paris at the company's headquarters and with officials at the Treasury in London before he left for the United States last week. In Cairo he declared that he believed both the Egyptian Government and the Suez Canal Company were anxious to reach an agreement.

THE COUNCIL OF THE ARAB LEAGUE IN SESSION: Delegates are seated at the table in Cairo. During the meeting resolutions expressing the solidarity of the other Arab states with Syria were passed. At a conference of eight states—Egypt, Saudi-Arabia, Lebanon, Iraq, Syria, Yemen, Libya and Sudan—it was decided to set up a joint committee for the unification of propaganda within the framework of the Arab League. Jordan was not present at these discussions, which coincided with a violent Press and radio campaign by Egypt against King Hussein. He was accused of allowing Jordan to become a base of American "imperialism," of preparing to "sell out" Palestine refugees to placate Washington and of "secret negotiations" with Israel. From Jordan came charges that Egypt "suffered from certain persons who have sold themselves to Communism."

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE DERAILMENT OF THE DUNKIRK-BASLE BOAT TRAIN: The wrecked coaches and the locomotive of the French express are at the small station of Esquelbecq, near Dunkirk. Twenty people, all French, were injured when four coaches left the line but stayed upright. An engine coming the other way struck one of the coaches, and stopped. The driver then ran for nearly a mile with a red lantern and managed to prevent the Paris-Dunkirk-Victoria Night Ferry train from ploughing into the wreckage at 80 m.p.h. Had it not been for his prompt action a major disaster might have occurred. It is thought that the accident at Esquelbecq was caused by a split rail.

A CARGO SHIP IS BROKEN IN TWO BY A STORM: On Seal Rock, off Newport, Rhode Island, U.S.A., the Norwegian freighter *Belleville* lies split into two sections after being pounded by gales and heavy seas during the previous night. Every member of the crew of the 8,400-ton ship had been taken off before the break-up took place. The *Belleville* went aground on Seal Rock in the latter part of last September, and efforts had been going on since then to get her freed, without any success. Attempts are now to be made by tugs to salvage the separated portions of the broken ship.

BLACKPOOL'S SERIOUS SIDE: Lifeboatmen at the famous Lancashire resort maintain their life-saving skill and efficiency with a practice launch by tractor. The men who man the lifeboat are, in many cases, the same boatmen who take thousands of holidaymakers for trips to sea during the season. All the year round they are constantly ready to save lives of those in distress.

HELD BY THE CUSTOMS: The Swedish arms ship *Rita* is tied up at Tilbury while Customs officers check the destination of her cargo of jet aircraft and explosives. It was reported that the ship was bound for the Dominican Republic, and that she took on board explosives including rockets after her arrival at Tilbury, from Malmö, in Sweden, carrying a number of Venom or Vampire fighters. Later the vessel was moved to the explosives station at Cliffe Quay, below Gravesend, the normal mooring place for ships with dangerous cargoes. Discussions between her agents and the Customs authorities were eventually concluded with the granting of permission for the *Rita* to go on her way as originally laden.

A CATHEDRAL OFFERS A WELCOME TO ALL RACES: Outside St. George' Cathedral, Cape Town, South Africa, a signboard is put up welcoming al races to take part in services. It replaces a smaller board which had bee mysteriously removed a few days before. The new notice was placed i position on the instruction of the Dean, the Very Rev. T. J. Savage

AUTOMATION FOR THE TELEPHONE SYSTEM: A technical officer of the G.P.O. dials a number and is connected by GRACE. The letters stand for Group Routing and Charging Equipment, a robot telephone operator devised by Post Office engineers. By the end of next year this equipment will be installed in Bristol and will enable subscribers there to dial many trunk calls. Eventually the system will cover the entire country. The first step in the plan takes place on January 1 when the 3d. local call area will be greatly enlarged, and 6d. and 9d. calls abolished.

CHARRINGTON'S ANCHOR BREWERY, IN LONDON'S MILE END ROAD, IS 200 YEARS OLD : The artist's impression is of a roof cask store. All casks are thoroughly cleansed inside and out and are regularly sprayed with water to keep them in condition. In the background is the building housing the main fermenting rooms, and behind this is the tower, the highest point of the brewery buildings. When beer, in course of preparation, has been pumped to this height it can be run to any of the fermenting rooms.

200 YEARS OF BREWING

For Two Centuries One Family has Played the Major Part in the Direction of Charrington's Anchor Brewery, in London's Mile End Road

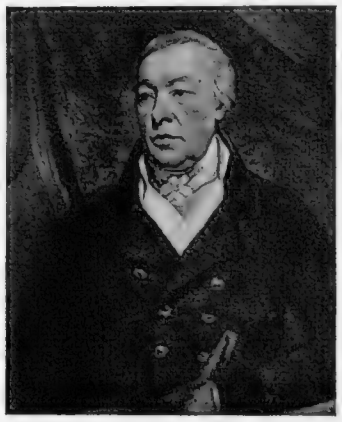
By GODFREY HARRISON, with Drawings by JACK MERRIOTT, R.I.

THOUGH there are many beers and each has its faithful adherents, beer *per se* has a strong individuality and an attraction that is all its own. This is compounded partly of its history, partly of the very nature of the brew, and partly of the strange and subtle art of its making.

Beer is, of course, the staple drink of Britons: it was brewed in our islands before the Romans came. For at least 2,000 years before that its nourishing and health-giving properties were known in many parts of the world. In fact, so far as records show, beer was both the first of all fermented liquors and also the first whose manufacture and sale were controlled by Government. Some Egyptian ordinances dated about 2000 B.C. were framed to restrict retail outlets—and were violently opposed by the populace. Inspection of actual brewing was in force in England by the early Middle Ages. (The methods then used by the "conners" were primitive. One was to pour a little on a wooden bench and sit on it: if their leather breeches stuck to the bench the beer was deemed good. This test the less honest brewers got round by mixing their product with resin.)

To-day, with all the advances of science, brewing remains one of the few modern industries to which the good medieval word "mystery" can still be truthfully applied. The head brewer at the Anchor Brewery will tell you much about the "making" of malt—the conversion of the barley corn from a starchy seed into a small store-house of sugar called malt. This is the brewery's chief raw material and provides the basic flavour of beer.

Then again the yeast, which carries out the vital process of fermentation, is a living thing. The brewer breeds his own strain and preserves it from generation to generation. He knows that if he were to break the succession and start with some foreign yeast the difference in his beer would be noticeable.



THE FIRST CHARRINGTON AT THE ANCHOR BREWERY : John Charrington, who bought a share in the business in 1766, had already served a brewery apprenticeship.

A modern brewery, with its huge vessels of polished metal and its complex machines, is performing—on a vaster scale and with much greater precision—the same basic operations as brewers have performed for centuries. Brewing is still a living art. That, perhaps, is the secret of its fascination.

Thus it is specially appropriate (as emphasised by L. A. G. Strong in *A Brewer's Progress*, 1757-1957) to find a brewery that has stood on the same site (growing meanwhile beyond recognition) for 200 years; and to learn that, for all but the first nine of those years, one family has played the major part in its direction. The number of Charringtons who have been partners or directors of Anchor Brewery is legion. Other names, of course, appear on the list: but some of these also belong to the family on their mothers' side. The present Chairman, Sir Edward Chadwyck-Healey, Bt., is a grandson of Philippa Charrington, great-granddaughter of that John Charrington who bought a share in Anchor Brewery in 1766.

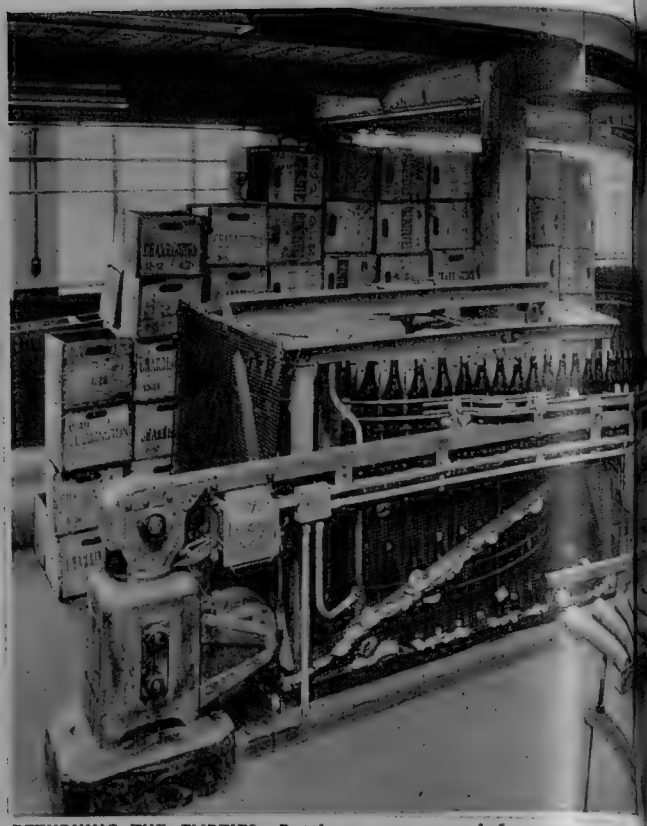
Nor is it a great surprise, once you begin to know something about this business of brewing, to find that one actual part of the fabric of the brewery is a private house: not a house that has been swallowed up by a factory, but one that keeps its domestic dignity and function. The directors not only lunch there; they frequently dine and sleep there, emerging into the active heart of the place at odd hours of the night or early morning, and returning to breakfast under the portraits of former Charringtons. This is a natural outcome of the character of their business, which goes on twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. It is an outcome, ultimately, of the nature of yeast, whose work is its life and which does not knock off and go home to the suburbs at week-ends.

The only definite evidence of the date on which Anchor Brewery was built is in an old book still kept there. It is a remarkable volume. The leather binding, though worn, is sound, the stout hand-made paper well preserved, the ink scarcely faded. The entries, all apparently made by the same careful hand, form an odd though perfectly orderly collection. They record in one place the wages paid to carpenters, donkeymen and mole-catchers, in another the prices paid for malt and feed for horses, in another the expenditure and income, as far back as 1743, of a farm which was evidently attached in some way to the business.

One page details an agreement dated March 21, 1757, between Robert Wastfield, a member of the Brewers'

(*Concluded on following pages*)

SIX ACRES OF BREWERY BUILDINGS: The tall chimney dominates the Mile End Road front of Charrington's Anchor Brewery, which has stood on the same site for 200 years.



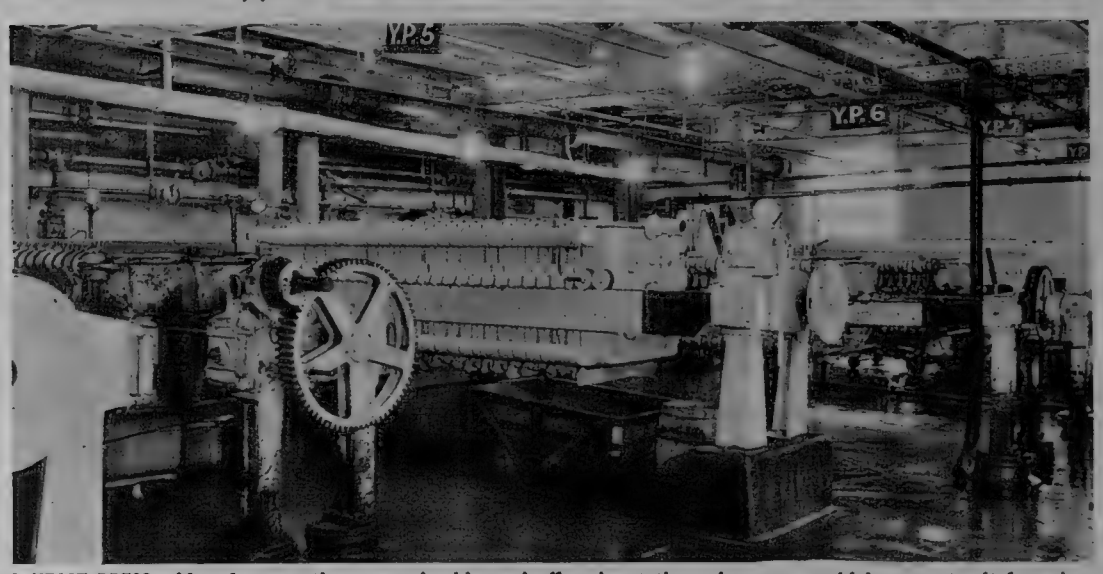
RETURNING THE EMPTIES: Bottles are conveyed from vans to the floor below for washing, filling and pasteurising. Beer is pasteurised in bottle so that no further fermentation can take place.

On right—

THE COOLING PROCESS: In the paraflows the wort is cooled from near boiling-point to 60 deg. F., so that it can be mixed with yeast to start fermentation. Strictly hygienic conditions must be maintained after the wort is cooled to prevent infection by mould and such organisms other than the brewery yeast.

On right—

IN THE SAMPLE ROOM: A sample of every brew is kept in small casks for a period. Everything sold by the licensees can be checked.



A YEAST PRESS: After fermentation, yeast is skimmed off and put through a press, which separates it from beer sediment. The yeast is preserved and used to start subsequent fermentations. Brewery yeast is a cultivated and highly-selected plant which rapidly converts the malt sugar of the wort into carbon dioxide and alcohol.

THE COOPER'S SHOP: A new cask is being prepared by a cooper and his son. In the background are the head cooper and the foreman. To a certain extent metal is now taking the place of oak.

200 YEARS OF BREWING

(*Continued from previous page*)

Company and owner of a brewery at Bethnal Green, and his partner Joseph Moss. It begins:

> Whereas all or the principall part of the Utensils hitherto used in carrying on our Joint Trade are decayed . . . and we have purchased New Implements and Utensils, which are at present put up or to be put up in a New Brewhouse lately erected on the North Side of the Great Road in the Parish of St. Dunstans Stepney . . .

This is the beginning of Anchor Brewery.

Another page dated December 26, 1766, records the receipt from Mr. John Charrington of £1,446 4s. 4¾d. for one full third share in the business.

Wastfield retired three years later and Moss in 1783, after which John Charrington and his brother Harry controlled the business entirely.

John, a country vicar's son, had already served his apprenticeship in a brewery. He was elected Master of the Brewers' Company in 1785. He evidently knew his trade, and his obituary testifies to his solid and honest qualities. He was happily married for forty-six years, after which he and his wife died within a week of each other. Both were loved for their kindness and charity. Their son Nicholas was of the same mould and lived, according to the vicar's funeral tribute, " a Life of singular benevolence, generosity and usefulness."

The business prospered. In the year 1807-8 it was second among London's breweries with an output of 20,252 barrels, the leader being less than 100 barrels ahead.

So the story continues through successive generations of change. The brewery encroached more and more on the adjoining park which John had bought with remarkable foresight. The family mansion which he had built in a once remote corner of it was abandoned in favour of a more secluded neighbourhood, and at length was demolished. Mile End Old Town ceased to be a hamlet. The open fields and the windmills on the river banks disappeared, and the merry horns of stage-coaches were heard no more. Not only Charrington's but London also was expanding.

The brewery retained as long as possible some outward signs of former days. At the end of its first century the yard, flanked by houses where some employees lived, was still called " the park," and the occupants' poultry and goats gave it a rural air. The brewery's beautiful dray horses, pride and joy of all, were kept in use much longer : the last of them was regretfully retired in 1946. One of the more significant changes within the brewery itself took place in 1927 when the old Watt steam-engine, which had done duty for seventy-two years, was replaced by electricity.

Outside, there was a major development in reta organisation when the practice of purchasing license houses began towards the end of the last century, leadin to the tied-house system. This involved a heavy addition demand on capital. Charrington's became a limited com pany in 1897. There followed a time of economic stre when dividends were little or nothing. This, fortunately was a temporary phase which ended with the 1914-18 War

Meanwhile, the firm grew also by the familiar proces of absorption. Directly or indirectly Charrington's have taken over no fewer than forty-four other companie since 1833. The largest of these was Hoare's, itself a combine of many smaller firms and maker of the famou Toby Ale. Their brewing operations were soon trans ferred to Mile End Road, where capacity was continually increased by modernisation and addition of new plant so that what was acquired in effect was more goodwill and more tied houses. The latter proved a heavy anxiety during the Second World War: for, apart from the bombs on Anchor Brewery, which did less damage than they might have, 149 Charrington houses were completely destroyed by enemy action. Hundreds were damaged but the courage and devotion of the licensees did much t ensure that the harassed people should have their bee wherever and whenever possible.

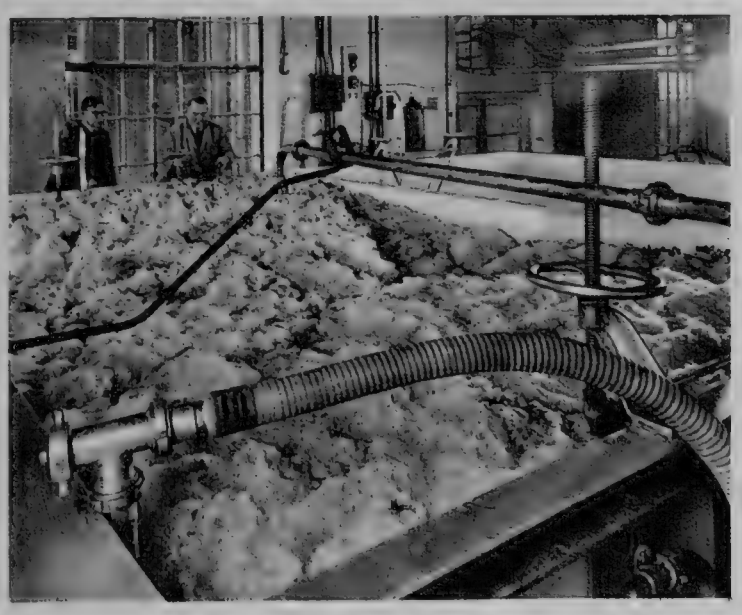
It must be left to the illustrations to convey the size of the brewery to-day and the marvels of its modern plant.

COMMEMORATING A ROYAL BREW: The plaque records that the Prince of Wales made a brew in this mash tun in 1932. At this stage in brewing the crushed malt from the inverted pyramid hopper (in centre) is "mashed" with hot water and allowed to lie in the mash tun for two hours so that the soluble ferments of the malt can change insoluble starch into a solution of malt, sugar and dextrin, technically known as wort.

In fact, the visitor gets his most vivid impression of mechanised efficiency not from the brewing operations—which are necessarily conducted with traditional dignity and calm, albeit on a colossal scale and under exact scientific control—but in the adjacent bottling store. Here numberless bottles pursue one another, jostle, wait their turn and hurry off in packed columns (there is a mile of automatic conveyers in this one building) for all the world like rush-hour travellers on the Underground. Even here, however, one misses the essential process; for the bottles, after scouring and inspection, vanish into a huge enclosed chamber to emerge at the far end washed and ready for filling, capping and pasteurising.

This is one of six bottling stores. The others, placed at strategic intervals far afield, are supplied by glass-lined tanker lorries operating from Mile End Road. Together with other depots they constitute an essential link in the chain of distribution by which Charrington's various beers, both bottled and draught, reach their countless devotees in City pubs and country inns throughout the Home Counties.

The firm does not divulge its output figures. Something, however, can be deduced from the fact that the usage of bottles over a year works out at more than half a million per day, seven days a week; to which must be added a guess at the quantities consumed on draught. One wonders what the first John Charrington, looking down from the wall of the directors' dining-room, thinks of that.



AN ESSENTIAL PART OF THE BREWING PROCESS: Boiling the wort with hops is carried out in the massive coppers (on right), each of which can boil 18,000 gallons (500 barrels). When the operation is complete, the loose pipes are connected to the bottom of the copper so that the scalding brew can be turned into the hop-back seen on the left. Here the clear wort is strained off from the hops.

On left—

BEER IN ACTIVE FERMENTATION: The progress of active fermentation can be judged by the appearance of the frothy head, and this particular head is characteristic of beer on the day after brewing. The fermentation can be roused by pumping up from the bottom of the vessel through the pipe in the foreground, and spraying over the top. The beer remains in the fermenting vessel for one week.

DECLINE OF THE HERRING IN SHETLAND

Fishermen in Ever-increasing Numbers are Leaving a Traditional Occupation

Most reference books still list herring fishing high among the industries of the Shetland Islands but, in fact, it is an industry which at the moment seems to be dying out. The decline has been rapid.

Ten years ago a large trade was done with the mainland of Britain and the countries of northern Europe. Ports were crowded with drifters and the skyline of Lerwick, the capital, was broken by huge stacks of many hundreds of barrels and fish-boxes. To-day the harbours are becoming increasingly empty of herring boats and the number of herring-curing stations at Lerwick has dropped from thirty to twelve, and kippering kilns from twelve to two.

The reasons for the decline are various. Foreign competition has played an important part. Russia, Poland and Germany, which used to import the fish in great numbers, have now organised their own fleets. The Soviet fishers are especially well-equipped, the drifters being accompanied by larger boats in which curing can be carried out at sea.

But foreign rivals cannot entirely be blamed. Constantly rising costs are another factor. A drifter is expensive to buy and to maintain. The nets, which are also costly, are easily damaged and require continual repair. The fishermen find there are other means by which they can obtain a better return for their outlay of money than in engaging in herring catching.

A great attraction is dog-fishing. These are white fish which are caught on lines—far cheaper and more easily handled equipment than nets. The craft from which they are caught may cost as little as one-eighth of the amount needed for a drifter. Recently a new factory has been opened on the Islands for skinning, cleaning and packing the "dogs" as soon as they are landed. When they have been treated they are dispatched in boxes to the mainland. Dogfish are also known as rock salmon and are a popular item on the menus of fish and chip shops. They can also be tinned or frozen.

This picture of decline in the herring industry is, of course, true of many of the ports of the mainland of Scotland and of East Anglia. The Government has belatedly granted a herring subsidy, but most of those in the industry are of the opinion that it has come too late or, if it is to produce results, it should be much larger.

However, in the Shetlands, apart from dog-fishing, there seems to be a general tendency to give up the sea. The boys still look for careers as sailors—as is evidenced by the number of them entering such establishments as the Dolphin Sea School at Leith—but many of their elders have found occupations on land.

This may be partly due to the development of the Islands. Houses and roads are being built, there are schemes for piers and water supplies, electricity is reaching almost all the dwellings. All this development requires labour and, superficially, at any rate, the Shetlanders do not appear to be lacking in prosperity. But the future is a matter for some concern.

The Shetlands are traditionally associated not only with fishing but also with sheep-farming and the production of woven and knitted goods. Hand-knitted Shetland garments have been famous for centuries. Now this cottage industry has sharply declined and the introduction of knitting machines has not stopped the younger generation preferring to look for jobs in less exacting and more comfortable conditions. On the crofts there is a swing to poultry farming in place of sheep-rearing.

Innumerable schemes have been put forward to stop the rot. So far little has been achieved. The population figures tell their own story. In 1921 the inhabitants of the Islands numbered 25,520; ten years later the total was 21,421; in 1951 the census recorded 19,352 and the estimated population at the end of 1955 was 18,700. In thirty-six years the population has decreased by about a quarter. The Shetlands, it seems, face the same problem as so many other of the islands off the coasts of Britain. The prospects of work on the mainland, or the opportunities offered by emigration to other parts of the Commonwealth draw away the people. And, it will be pointed out by those remaining, the better education in the schools makes the youngsters ambitious to live at a higher standard than their parents and ancestors.

THE HARBOUR OF LERWICK, THE CAPITAL OF THE ISLANDS: The boat in the left foreground comes from Banff, the three immediately to the right belong to Lerwick and next to them is a Buckie drifter. There has been a marked decline in the Shetlands herring industry over the past ten years. Far fewer drifters put into the ports and the number of herring-curing and kippering stations is rapidly decreasing.

A REMUNERATIVE ALTERNATIVE TO HERRING FISHING: Dogfish are landed at Scalloway. This type of fishing is less costly than catching herrings, and the "dogs" are packed at a new factory in the Shetlands.

ONE OF THE MANY CHORES FOR HERRING MEN: The fine mes[h] nets are being mended. This task has to be done aft[er] almost every cruise and requires much time and patience.

THE ADVANTAGES OF DOG-FISHING: The lines by which they are caught—seen here being baited on a boat in Scalloway—are far simpler to handle and keep in repair than the herring nets. The mechanism on the right is for hauling in the lines. The dog-fisher's boat is a great deal cheaper to buy than a herring-drifter. The cost may be eight times less.

ITALY'S CITY OF SKYSCRAPERS

Some of the Tall New Buildings Which Mix With the Historic and Famous Monuments of Milan

REACHING FOR THE SKY : This half-finished building in Milan will be 440 ft. high when it is complete and will be the new headquarters of the Pirelli companies. There will be workshops for 2,000 employees as well as offices and other accommodation.

ROOMS WITH A VIEW : Another of the many high new buildings in the north Italian city is a 215-ft.-high block of flats standing in a park in the central district. The upper windows look on many of the historic monuments for which Milan is famous.

" THE SWISS TOWER " : The tall structure, 265 ft. in height, is so named because it is behind the Swiss Tourist Office. On various floors there are banks, restaurants, private clubs and offices. On the right is the new Press Building of the city.

THE " SKYSCRAPER OF MILAN " : It is claimed to be among the tallest all-concrete buildings in the world. Within is an almost self-contained community of banks, offices, shops and private apartments. In the street beyond are other new buildings.

WORK CONTINUES ON A NEW AIRPORT FOR LONDON : This view of Gatwick Airport, in Surrey, shows a section of the existing London-Brighton road coming in from the left foreground and stretching to the north. It is crossed by the new runway in the centre of the picture. In the foreground is the village of Lowfield Heath. It is hoped that the new airport will be operational next spring.

GATWICK'S NEW AIRPORT TAKES SHAPE

A Unique Air Terminal will be Operational Next Spring

The opening of the first section of the new Gatwick Airport, in Surrey, two months ago—the diversion of the London to Brighton road which runs underneath the airport's terminal building and provides access to it by means of ramped approaches leading to an elevated roundabout—marked the first major step towards the completion of this important development scheme. The bad weather during the summer of 1956 delayed much of the preparatory work but since then the schedule has been stepped up and it is expected that at the time of the deadline—next spring—the airport will be fully operational. When it re-enters service, Gatwick's primary use will be that of a main diversion centre for international flights unable to land at London Airport because of bad weather. It will also take over some of the air services to the Channel Islands and to various cities on the Continent.

Gatwick is well situated to undertake such a role, for it is on the main railway line to London with a fast electric train service to Victoria. Gatwick racecourse station is being reconstructed to serve air passengers. The preparatory work for the scheme has involved much drainage and clearing operations. Forty houses were demolished to allow for the enlarged airfield and ancillary buildings.

THE DIVERTED BRIGHTON ROAD : It c to an elevated roundabout. In t new terminal building. It is esti

THE NEW RUNWAYS SEEN FROM THE AIR : The view, taken from the west end of the area, shows, on the left, the main taxiway and, on the right, the main runway. The runway and taxiway and all subsidiary taxiways are being constructed of concrete tinted dark grey. This is to make the markings more conspicuous to pilots.

AT WORK ON THE AIRPORT'S TERMINAL BUILDING : In building has been erected. Passengers will walk their aircraft instead of having to use airport buses.

in, from the top right of the picture, and runs underneath the airport's new terminal building, access to which is gained by the use of ramped approaches leading right foreground is the Southern Region's railway line to Brighton. The platforms of the old Gatwick racecourse railway station are being reconstructed to serve the d that the whole Gatwick scheme will cost in the region of £6,800,000. The old 370-acre airport is now double its size and will accommodate the largest airliners.

oreground the framework of a section of the terminal cover along a pier between the main building and e control tower is a mile west of the terminal building.

A UNIQUE JUNCTION OF AIR, RAIL AND ROAD TRANSPORT: When the airport re-enters air transport service next spring, it will be the first in the world to combine air, rail and road transport in one unit. It will permit passengers to travel directly to and from the airport, thus avoiding the need for a town air terminal.

THE HUNTING OF WILD DEER

Deer Must be Controlled, but is Hunting them the Most Effective or Justifiable Method?

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

I FEEL fairly certain that, if you were to ask any representative gathering of urban English men and women (say, in a pub or at a church social) where in Britain one might see wild deer, the vast majority would answer either that they did not know or, simply, "in Devon and Somerset." A few, the more erudite, might add Scotland as an afterthought. But of those who are aware that there are wild deer at large in Britain, the vast majority undoubtedly are convinced that they exist only in Devon and Somerset, and that there they lead miserable lives, constantly harried by hounds urged on by degenerate aristocrats and sadistic yokels. And this is the measure of the effectiveness of the propaganda put out by the "anti-sport" societies.

In fact, wild deer are well-established all over Britain; any number of them. The purists among our professional naturalists will, no doubt, object to the use of the term "wild." They maintain that only the red deer and the roe deer are native to Britain (which is perfectly true) and that, therefore, these are the only truly wild deer; that all the others are "feral," since they have either been introduced or have escaped from parks. This, it seems to me, is merely splitting a hair. It makes no difference whether they have been introduced—the fallow deer was introduced so long ago that no one can even guess at the date—or have escaped from parks. All that matters is that they lead truly wild lives, independent of man, breed freely and increase in numbers.

Actually, deer of ten different species are known to be at large and breeding in Britain: red, roe, fallow, Japanese sika, Manchurian sika, Siberian roe, Chinese muntjac, Indian muntjac, Chinese water-deer and North American black-tailed deer. (Two other species, the axis and the hog deer, have escaped from parks on a number of occasions, but it is unlikely that they are able to survive the winter at large.) This is an impressive list, and one which may surprise many people, including many life-long countrymen, who have never seen a wild deer in their lives.

Wild deer are not easy to observe. They are wonderfully expert at keeping out of sight and, since few people bother to study tracks, residents in an area with a large population of deer are often unaware of their presence. I remember telling a newcomer to my district that he would probably see fallow deer if he got up early enough. This information was greeted with a stare of disbelief. About a week later he rang me up to tell me that he had seen a deer in his garden. He was tremendously pleased about this. Now he is very far from pleased at the attention paid by the deer to his vegetables.

This is the trouble about deer. With the exception of the roe, deer in any numbers (and this applies particularly to red, fallow and sika, but especially to fallow since they are by far the most numerous) can do a great deal of damage. Deer in the vicinity of farms and young plantations are very far from popular. And so they are hunted in a few districts and shot in a great many.

No one, oddly enough, seems to mind them being shot. But any mention of hunting is likely to raise an uproar. It, therefore, behoves anyone writing about deer to make his position *vis-à-vis* deer-hunting (not only stags are hunted) as plain as possible. Let me start by saying that I am not entirely ignorant about field sports: I have been editor of both *The Gamekeeper* and *The Field*. Let me also say at once that I do not like deer-hunting. I know very well that it is, at least that stag-hunting is, a much more skilful sport than fox-hunting. You hunt *a* fox, just any fox that happens to be handy: you hunt *the* stag, one particular stag, a warrantable stag (one five years old or more), which has been carefully selected by the harbourer before the meet. Even so, I do not like it. But I do not dislike all forms of hunting. Actually, I dislike one form much more intensely than I do deer-hunting and would gladly see it abolished: another leaves me cold, I neither like nor dislike it: of another, however, beagling, I wholeheartedly approve. I know that this is inconsistent, illogical. But there it is: it is just a matter of personal likes and dislikes.

It is so with everyone else as well, if you get down to rock-bottom. The statement that hunting is necessary to keep down numbers will not hold water. The numbers of both deer and foxes have increased in recent years. (Incidentally, I have never heard that beagling is necessary to keep down the numbers of hares: but beaglers are simple folk.) Nor is it true that hunting alone has preserved the red deer on Exmoor. Personally, I do not believe that they would be wiped out if hunting was stopped, but I have no doubt that their numbers would be very drastically reduced in a very short time. No: people hunt deer because they like hunting deer. No one goes deer-hunting from high moral motives, the good of the community and all that.

A great many people disapprove of deer-hunting. Their disapproval is very vocal and very efficiently organised; so highly organised that one gets the impression that deer-hunters are on the defensive, that deer-hunting is on the way out. It is a completely false impression. The Devon and Somerset Staghounds (the pack which bears the brunt of the attack) has strong and solid support locally, especially from the farmers. It is the farmers (who are vitally concerned) who matter. Without their support there could be no hunting.

The hunting fraternity is not on the defensive because much of the anti-hunting propaganda defeats its own ends. Two societies exist solely for the purpose of abolishing "cruel" sports, including deer-hunting. One is a balanced and reasonable body whose views demand respect. Indeed, I find myself in agreement with many of them. Of the other the less said, the better.

The case for abolition is based on two main points: that it is cruel, and that it is wrong to kill for pleasure. So far as stag-hunting is concerned one would feel more strongly about the abolitionist case, if deer-shooting was attacked as bitterly. Only one stag at a time is involved in hunting. Deer "drives," such as are organised by farmers in Sussex and elsewhere, are infinitely more cruel, are quite disgustingly cruel, for no discrimination is shown, and many deer get away wounded, to die slow and agonising deaths from gangrene. But I have never read an attack on deer drives by either of the anti-sport societies. Certainly they never raise a storm in the National Press as annually happens at the start of the stag-hunting season. Perhaps they do not regard deer drives as sport. In that they would be right. But if it is cruelty to the deer that really exercises them, then they should not ignore deer drives.

No one who knows anything about deer would ever recommend the use of the shotgun as an alternative to hunting. Yet it is frequently advocated by the ardent abolitionist. There is, obviously, an inexcusable confusion in the abolitionist mind between the gun and the rifle. Indeed, reading the correspondence columns of the National Press, one is forced to the conclusion that many of those who feel strongly have a vast ignorance of deer, of hunting and of shooting. For example, in a recent letter to *The Times*, one abolitionist pointed out that it would be "a simple matter to arm the tufters with humane killers and instruct them to dispatch the deer in the covert." The gentleman who wrote that knew so much about deer-hunting that he did not know that tufters are old hounds, and his ignorance both of humane killers and their use, and the habits of deer, is as abysmal. One would not want the fate of our deer left to hands as ignorant; not, that is, if one has any real feeling for deer.

Deer have got to be controlled, which means killing, irrespective of whether the killing brings pleasure or not. Granted that hunting is an expensive and inefficient method, what is the alternative? Obviously, the new method of the Forestry Commission (which was discussed in THE SPHERE of November 2) and which is itself a condemnation of the old shotgun method. But whereas this is possible on land controlled by one body, it would be very difficult elsewhere. There would have to be full co-operation from farmers and landowners, severe penalties for poaching, and so forth. In such an area as that hunted by the Devon and Somerset (some 450 square miles of difficult country, almost all privately owned) it would be impossible.

Until there is a legal close season for deer, until the shotgun for use on deer is made illegal, until a suitable number of wardens are trained to the use of the rifle (good rifle shots are few and far between) and have gained the respect of countrymen as a whole, there is no alternative to deer-hunting, with all its faults—and there are many, most of them ancillary to the hunt—which would not be infinitely more cruel.

THE DEATH OF A STAG: In the Loch Rosque forest area of Ross-shire, in Scotland, a felled stag is carried back by pony. *On right*—The stalkers scan the landscape with telescopes as they search for deer. Shooting these animals calls for great skill with the rifle, for considerable physical endurance and the exercise of much patience.

LOOKING DOWN ON THE NORTH-WEST CORNER OF THE WELSH COAST: The view is of Aber Menai Point, Anglesey. Looking north-west towards Llanddwyn Island, it shows clearly the structure of the great sand and shingle ridge which lies at the western entrance to the Menai Straits. The area shown forms part of the Newborough Warren—Ynys Llanddwyn Nature Reserve. The sandy flats on the landward side of the spit (on right) are showing signs of saltmarsh formation. This is one of the pictures which have been taken by Dr. J. K. S. St. Joseph, Curator in Aerial Photography at Cambridge University, to assist in surveying the potentialities of inaccessible areas. Many of the pictures, chosen in conjunction with the Nature Conservancy, were shown in an exhibition at the Air Ministry in London. It is hoped that they will be seen in other parts of the country.

BRITAIN'S BEAUTY FROM THE AIR

Aerial Survey Not Only Forms a Valuable Record of Sites where Scientific Research is in Progress, but Furnishes Results of Immediate Practical Application

On left—

IN THE HEART OF SCOTLAND: In this view of Dupplin Loch, near Perth, the camera looks east, and the photograph emphasises the seclusion of the small lake in its setting of pine woods. The lake is a well-known roosting-place of wild geese. All the pictures in this series have been taken from R.A.F aircraft engaged on training flights.

(*Further pictures on following pages*)

ONE OF BRITAIN'S NATURE RESERVES ON THE EAST COAST: The southward drift of sand and shingle along the coast has formed this remarkable spit at Orfordness, in Suffolk, deflecting the mouth of the River Alde some ten miles from its original position at Aldeburgh. This is a classic area for the study of coastal sand spits. A large part of the shingle beach and Havergate Island (embraced by the river) form the Nature Reserve which is an important bird sanctuary, and the only breeding station ground in Britain of the avocet.

EGLWYSEG MOUNTAIN, IN DENBIGHSHIRE: This is a magnificent limestone cliff in which the whole of the carboniferous limestone succession in North Wales is exposed, passing into the lower beds of the millstone grit under the moorland of the summit. Eglwyseg is 1,67[illegible] ft. high. The area yields several species of rare plants.

BRITAIN'S BEAUTY FROM THE AIR

(*Continued from previous page*)

A MOUNTAIN COMPOSED OF TORRIDONIAN SANDSTONE WHICH RESTS UPON STILL OLDER ROCKS: The picture of Suilven, in Sutherland, emphasises the contrast between the stratified sandstones, the bedding planes of which are almost horizontal, and the gneiss of the platform from which the mountain rises. The outcrops of bare rock, the absence of soil, and the uneven surface with hollows, occupied by pools, are the effects of glaciation. The mountain in the left background is Canisp.

Aerial surveys are nowadays employed for an increasing variety of purposes. To the camera in an aeroplane any given area of land reveals its true shape and nature, and indicates its secrets. Engineers, agriculturalists, prospectors for minerals and oil, industrialists planning sites for factories, archæologists, geologists and numerous civil and military government departments are only some of those who have long realised the great benefits to be obtained from air photography, not the least being enormous saving in time and in labour.

The pictures taken by the cameraman from the air are of two kinds—vertical or oblique. Verticals are recorded at right-angles to the ground and the results are flat and usually very intriguing patterns. Obliques, as their name implies, are shot from lesser angles and display the more easily the features and beauty of the ground below.

On these pages the photographs are all obliques. They were taken by Dr. J. K. S. St. Joseph, Curator in Aerial Photography at Cambridge University, and were among those shown at a recent exhibition at the Air Ministry in London. The aircraft in which he flew was a Royal Air Force machine engaged on training flights, and the pictures were made at heights varying from 1,000 ft. to 4,000 ft.

The object of the operation was a reconnaissance of some of Britain's wildest parts. The first impression on the eye is one of great beauty. Another immediate impression to those who have some knowledge of aerial photography is of the technical efficiency of the pictures. The flying cameraman's worst enemy is weather. A patch of fog or a bank of low cloud can spoil his perspective. He must make the most of a split second in order to achieve the best result.

Magnificent and grand though the pictures are, they not only have æsthetic appeal. The reconnaissance was a most valuable piece of practical research. In Britain the areas where vegetation still survives free of interference by human hands are few. In them a great range of habitats and of vegetation can be found and a survey provides much material for research into the distribution and relationship of plant and animal communities. An aeroplane can reach inaccessible regions without difficulty and air photographs produce a comprehensive record of the growth and development of plant life.

Among the many other functions of aerial surveys can be mentioned the photographing of coasts for the prevention of erosion; the recording of rivers for the assistance of catchment authorities; covering moorland areas with a view to improving their condition, and the study of geological surface changes. But, above all, the reconnaissance of Dr. Joseph shows the urgent need to preserve and protect the remaining natural beauty of Britain.

EMPHASISING THE CAPABILITY OF AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY: The mudstone and slates of which these cliffs at Pen Y Afr, in Pembrokeshire, are composed have been crumpled by earth movements into a series of sharp folds. It is pointed out that no spot on the shore affords a sufficiently distant view to take in the whole series, thereby emphasising the unique capabilities of aerial photography.

A FAMOUS LANDMARK OFF THE WEST COAST OF SCOTLAND: Ailsa Craig lies off Ayrshire, at the mouth of the Firth of Clyde. Rising to a height of 1,114 ft., it is composed of fine-textured igneous rock, exhibiting remarkable columnar jointing. This type of rock outcrops nowhere else in Britain. Ailsa Craig is the nesting-place of many sea birds, including gannets, kittiwakes and guillemots.

SALT MARSH ON THE ESSEX COAST: The view is looking south over Sandy Point along the length of Colne Bar, at Colne Point, on the coast ten miles south-east of Colchester. The prominent lines of dark growth on the landward side of the bar are shrubby sea-blite, which has largely colonised these old shingle ridges. Extensive salt marsh has developed in the area protected by the Bar.

The World of Books

THE BIRTH OF HOLLYWOOD

The Autobiography of a Leading Film Producer ; Ship's Surgeon ; Travel in the Middle and the Far East ; the English Countryside ; Novels with Vitality

BELIEVE it or not, there was a time when Hollywood scarcely existed and was certainly not known outside a radius of a few miles. Mr. Jesse Lasky, who has spent the most rewarding part of his life there, tells the story in his autobiography, I BLOW MY OWN HORN (Gollancz. 21s.), which he has written with Mr. Don Weldon. Nearly fifty years ago Mr. Lasky's then tiny company sent a scout to Arizona to find a locale for movie-making. The scout was called de Mille and this was the text of his report: " Flagstaff (*Arizona*) no good for our purpose. Have proceeded to California. Want authority to rent barn in place called Hollywood for $75 a month. Regards to Sam. Cecil." It is edifying to reflect on the caution of Mr. Lasky's and Mr. Sam Goldfish's (later Goldwyn's) reply. " Authorise you to rent barn," they telegraphed cagily, " but on month-to-month basis. Don't make any long commitment. Regards. Jesse and Sam." The rest we know, although this account of it is livelier than most.

THE SEA MY SURGERY (Heinemann. 16s.) is the autobiography of a man who knows all about liveliness, whether of the behaviour of the ocean, or the passengers in a ship, or the ploys of his own very active mind. Dr. Joseph Maguire is an Irishman, as any reader would see after the first chapter. Until his very recent retirement he was for many years a surgeon and Chief Medical Officer of the Cunard Line. During the thirty years of his sea-going experience he has met all sorts and conditions and, this is his particular genius, never taken anybody for granted. A professional writer would envy him his sources of stories and his fantastically wide acquaintanceship. A reader is just grateful for the variety and the unconquerable note of optimism.

CHILD OF THE REVOLUTION (Collins. 25s.) is Mr. Wolfgang Leonhard's story. As a German boy of thirteen he was taken by his mother to the Soviet Union, where she disappeared at the end of 1936 in one of those purges, not to be seen again until 1949. The boy grew up in a Soviet home for *émigrés* in Moscow and " graduated " to a Comintern school which trained young foreigners for political work abroad. After many vicissitudes and in spite of the Party blessing, the author escaped to Western Germany and is now working at St. Antony's College in Oxford. This is, in a way, his manifesto.

It must be years since anyone spoke of " foreign parts " without putting invisible quotation marks round the phrase, but all the same the following four volumes are concerned with just those unfamiliar tracts. THE MARKET OF SELEUKIA (Faber. 25s.), for instance, by Mr. James Morris, is a picture of the Middle East at the time of the Suez crisis, as described by an author who knows those vast regions well and has the literary temperament to describe them as they are. ARABESQUE AND HONEY-COMB (Robert Hale. 35s.) is Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's book which is, at least in part, about the Middle East. The theme is basically the architecture inspired by the Islamic religion and the range of the writer's journeyings, observations and admirable illustrations has been from the Alhambra of Granada, through Morocco to Damascus, Petra, Jerusalem, Palmyra and back to Cairo and Istanbul. Visually and intellectually absorbing, civilised and beautiful.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DRAGON (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25s.) is the account, by an intelligent German traveller, Peter Schmid, of his journeys through Indo-China, Burma, Siam, Malaya and Indonesia. The mood of the book is less lighthearted than the parallel book of travel mentioned above, and the photographs far more significant. THE GREEK EXPERIENCE (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 36s.), the first volume to appear in a projected series, *History of Civilisation*, has been written by that great classical scholar, Sir Maurice Bowra, and is an attempt to sum up the whole Greek achievement between the age of Homer and the fall of Athens in 404 B.C. Wonderful and illuminating reading though not cast in a popular form.

Samuel E. Chamberlain was a Bostonian, though by no means a " proper Bostonian," of more than a hundred years ago, who took a spirited part in the Mexican War, wrote and illustrated his own account of that and other exploits of his youth when he had been tough, intransigent, belligerent and yet an open-minded appreciator of beauty. RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROGUE (Museum Press. 35s.), for which Professor D. W. Brogan has written the foreword, is vigorous and colourful.

I expect I could be accused of insularity if I admitted that reading the next two books had raised my spirits considerably. Nevertheless I would like to recommend both of them to readers who still enjoy news from our own countrysides. VILLAGE DIARY (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) is a further volume from the lady who writes as " Miss Read " and tells of the adventures, sometimes quiet and sometimes boisterous, always home-made in every sense of the word, that animate the village school which she evidently knows so well. The enchantment and good sense of the text is emphasised by J. S. Goodall's mannerly but witty illustrations. NORFOLK ASSEMBLY (Faber. 28s.), by Mr. R. W. Ketton-Cremer, is a collection of

A SPANIEL PUPPY AGED TEN WEEKS : This appealing picture is certainly in place in *Dogs of Character* (Macdonald. 30s.). There are nearly ninety full-page camera studies by Käthe Knaur, who is one of Europe's most talented animal photographers. Marga Ruperti's text contains much information relating to the history and qualities of twenty different breeds from the Dachshund and Pomeranian to the Great Dane and Afghan Hound, as well as numerous entertaining anecdotes.

studies of Norfolk characters by a man of Norfolk and is all the better for the purely county focus that a man of letters has been able to give it. In these pages you will read of Sir William Paston, who had the courage to be a Royalist in Norfolk during the Civil War, of Thomas Coke, first Earl of Leicester, and about houses and places.

FIRST OVERLAND (Harrap. 21s.) is Mr. Tim Slessor's story of the Oxford and Cambridge Far Eastern expedition. Six of these young men travelled from London to Singapore in two Land-Rovers, a distance of 32,000 miles which took them, after Istanbul, through Persia, Pakistan, India, south of the Himalayan foothills to northern Burma and thence along the Siam border to Malaya. Adventure, good photographs and high spirits

THE SETTLERS (Constable. 21s.), by Peter Dalzel, is the story of a couple, Scots and Norwegian, who after their war exploits and hardships decided to emigrate to what they supposed might be a freer land and picked on British Columbia. Their settling was on the shores of a remote lake and their home-making was of the kind only to be endured through good humour and courage.

As for novels, this week's list of them reflects the vitality of the season. THE CHILD OF FORTUNE (Gollancz. 16s.), by Miss P. B. Abercrombie, is a long, infinitely detailed study of some forms of love; maternal, generous, selfish, perverse or studied. It is the most feminine of stories in its essence, although it is ostensibly concerned with a young man. It is overwritten in the sense that every situation is endlessly examined, sub-divided and analysed and it is essentially not a comfortable tale. Nevertheless, it bears the marks of real talent.

Mr. Anthony Powell's latest volume in the series of *The Music of Time* is AT LADY MOLLY'S (Heinemann. 15s.). The influences in his writing have so often been attributed to Proust that I will not touch on that and in any case think it not wholly relevant, for here is a purely English chronicler: a talent and an ease of expression uniquely of this country. I found the new book easily the most brilliant—and the most readable—of the four.

THE UNDEFEATED (Cassell. 16s.) shows Miss I. A. R. Wylie also at her distinguished best. Her novel has its setting in a high-perched village in Provence and deals with an aftermath of the war and the Occupation. A clever blend of Mediterranean easygoing beauties and the perennial conflict between those who love life and those who seek only power. SPAN OF THE YEAR (Harvill. 15s.) is a small town novel with a difference and that lies in its being a story of contemporary Russian life. Vera Panova writes with a kind of dogged charm and the translation has been made by Vera Traill. THE FLOWER DRUM SONG (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) is a contribution from San Francisco's Chinatown; humorous, satiric and, on the whole, a kindly story by Mr. C. Y. Lee.

Mr. Jack Lindsay tells a practised and smoothly-told tale in THE GREAT OAK (Bodley Head. 18s.), about 1549 and a rebellion in Norfolk against the Enclosure Acts. As before, the staunch character of Norfolk men is very well portrayed by one of the soundest of our historical novelists. Mr. Dennis Wheatley's THE PRISONER IN THE MASK (Hutchinson. 12s.) bridges the gap between the historical romance and the thriller and is based on the French Royalists' attempt, in the 1890's, to put the Duc de Vendome on the throne.

Three good murder and detective mysteries for your list are THE WIFE OF THE RED-HAIRED MAN (Reinhardt. 12s. 6d.), a suspense story admirably done by Mr. Bill S. Ballinger with an effective device akin to the movie technique of shooting a scene from opposite angles. DEAD AND NOT BURIED (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.) is a welcome reprint of Miss H. F. M. Prescott's 1939 thriller, which is just as good now as it was then, and 4.50 FROM PADDINGTON (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is the new whodunit by Miss Agatha Christie, which is really enough recommendation itself. I enjoyed it thoroughly

Vernon Fane

BRITAIN IN PALESTINE

A History of Many Centuries

The history of Britain in Palestine is a formidable chronicle, packed with drama. It begins with the Crusaders when the Holy Land was a graveyard for half the families of England, and continues into the present age when the question of Jewish National Home or Arab hegemony created one of the great dilemmas of the twentieth century. In BIBLE AND SWORD (Alvin Redman. 25s.) Barbara Tuchman brilliantly assembles the long sequence of evidence, showing to what a degree the recent turmoils, the birth pangs of the new nation of Israel, have been rooted in the problems of the past. Her exposition is lucid. She recites the procession of events with a skill and mastery that can only stem from the widest reading and her historical assessments are much to the point. Over the Mandate she says: " It might have had a chance. Instead it became a long effort by Britain to escape the consequences that conscience had committed her to." Later she asks, " Does Israel then exist to-day because of the British or in spite of the British ? As in the American colonies England had laid the foundations of a state and then resisted the logical development of what she had begun until the original bond frayed out in bitterness and strife. The answer to the question must be neither one thing nor the other, but partly both—one of those unsatisfactory truths with which history so often defeats its interpreters."

Göran Schildt, a member of the Swedish-speaking minority in Finland, is a journalist on the staff of the *Svenska Dagbladet*. As result of wounds sustained in the Russo-Finnish War he finds it necessary to live in the open air for half the year. He is a self-taught sailor and his books about his Mediterranean wanderings have already achieved some fame. Now, in THE SUN BOAT (Staples. 18s.), he tells of a most remarkable adventure, a voyage up the Nile to Wadi Halfa in his boat *Daphne* and of his return via the Nile Delta to Ismailia in the Suez Canal. He was accompanied by his wife. It is probably the first time a European sailing boat has made such a trip as this, for Nile navigation is so difficult that it is normally only undertaken by boats built in Egypt and with an Egyptian crew. The author's interest in all around him is skilfully conveyed, especially his feeling for the timeless beauty of landscapes and buildings. There is a quality in his writing that can come only from deep discernment, a love of the past and a rejoicing in the present world about him.

Here are three books that all emanate from wartime Europe and the turmoil of its aftermath; each is of very special and individual interest. SEVEN YEARS SOLITARY (Hamish Hamilton. 18s.) is the testament of Dr. Edith Bone, who was arrested by the secret police in Budapest in 1949 on the familiar charge of espionage and who from then on was kept in solitary confinement in a series of filthy, unlighted prison cells. How she survived her ordeal, often withstanding sixty hours of interrogation, and built up her defences against her interrogators with wonderful courage and serenity, makes inspiring reading.

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

The Edwardian era—that thin sandwich of brawn between two worlds—is fated to interest historians and is near enough to us to enable historians to search for the truth without guesswork and infinite research. Many have already sought it, from the nursery, the schoolroom, the political, the social, the economic, angles. They all reach much the same conclusions. An age of terrible contrasts, of foolish hopes and well-based apprehension, of glitter and showmanship, of practical impulses towards social justice; but still so bound by tradition that it was much nearer the old world than the new. In EDWARDIAN PORTRAITS (Secker and Warburg. 25s.) W. S. Adams (I note with pride) follows the line of my argument in my own Edwardian portrait. Reigns are only conveniently labelled as co-terminous with "eras." The Edwardian era began in the 1890's and lasted until the fourth year of George V. Mr. Adams antedates it a little more. Victorian morality and convention were smashed by World War I.

Brawn is mottled Spam and Mr. Adams' choice of five prototypes, to illustrate an era so versatile and diversified, is well chosen. King Edward was much less complex than his age. Baden-Powell will be assured of the schoolboy's "three lines" for two more generations. Leverhulme will ring a bell as long as men and women use soap. Blunt has his Diaries and Poetry and Arabians to keep his memory green. Morel, I say with shame, rang no bell for me. Yet he smashed the Belgian Congo atrocities off his own bat, was in with Casement and was disliked politically by Ramsay MacDonald. Blunt and Morel are the pick of these studies, both at times regarded as men who thought their own country always in the wrong—with Baden-Powell a good third.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

A travelogue of British prisons, from Wandsworth and Wakefield to Holloway and Dartmoor, with the intermediate institutions designed to cure, correct or to enforce a penalty, describes COME TO PRISON, by Sewell Stokes (Longmans. 21s.). None to-day is designed to *punish* the individual. The author is well qualified for his limited task. He is an observer, not basically a recommender of reforms. He is an eye-witness and recorder of life in English prisons among prisoners and their officers and, as I see it, the chief conclusions he reaches are: that leadership is all-important. The governors and officers must know their men. In every prison, Mr. Stokes insists, "a prisoner's existence is not unlike a schoolboy's. He lives in a little world that resembles the big world hardly at all. Subjected to discipline, relieved of responsibility, he is allowed a small amount of pocket money, attends classes and has his conduct reported on at regular intervals." Everywhere the fare is scientifically planned and decently served up, adequate, perfectly palatable, monotonous only for long-termers. The "wage for the job" best brings out the analogy of the private school. The maximum wage packet is 2s. 6d., to be laid out with anxious selection on sweets in the canteen. Why cannot these men, some skilled tradesmen, others efficient learners, receive "union rates" for their own jobs and relieve the taxpayer of keeping their families while they are inside? There must be a dozen good reasons why not, and the author leaves the query in the air. The prison buildings are all hideous. Attempts to brighten and humanise them are made, not very successfully. This book is well worth reading. It convinces one that the prison officer's job is a key job and merits a higher scale of pay.

John Gore

Another tale of great endurance comes from A. J. Forrest, who tells the story of the relief work among European refugees done by Sue Ryder. He calls his book BUT SOME THERE BE (Robert Hale. 18s.)—a quotation from one of the best-known verses in the Bible. It is a deeply-moving story of one young woman working in the Florence Nightingale tradition, giving her aid and advice unstintingly to the deprived and destitute peoples of Europe, the victims of Nazi concentration camps, former slave labourers of Hitler's Reich, fugitives from the East and others caught up in the vortex of events.

Stanley Laudan's THE WHITE BATON (Allan Wingate. 13s. 6d.) is a Polish bandleader's account of his life in peace and war as told to Kendall McDonald. He wielded the baton in pre-war Warsaw in the smartest night clubs of Poland, and then, adroit to a degree, accepted the onset of the Russians and shrewdly ran his club as a Collective with Mrs. Mop and the dance hostesses all on the board of management. So great was his success that Laudan was soon touring the Soviet Union. He was among the first to take Western jazz behind the Iron Curtain, touring camps and collective farms and obviously enjoying himself hugely.

Beryl de Zoete in DANCE AND MAGIC DRAMA IN CEYLON (Faber and Faber. 36s.) has written a highly-specialised book of great interest delving deeply into this fascinating land of mingled races and traditions. She vividly portrays many phases of island life but always in words and pictures her pursuit is of her special subject, the dance.

R. C. E.

A NEW AMERICAN MUSICAL IN LONDON: The office of "Susanswerphone" in *Bells Are Ringing*, at the London Coliseum. From left to right are Denier Warren as Francis, Janet Blair as Ella, the switchboard girl, Eddie Molloy (Sandor), Jean St. Clair (Sue), Allyn Mclerie (Gwynne), and Donald Stewart (Inspector Barnes).

A HOLLYWOOD REDHEAD: *On left*—Janet Blair sings "I'm Going Back," her final number in the show. *On right*—"Susanswerphone" subscribers George Gaynes as Jeff Moss, Alexander Doré (Dr. Kitchell) and right, Franklin Fox (Blake Barton).

A NEW MUSICAL FROM BROADWAY

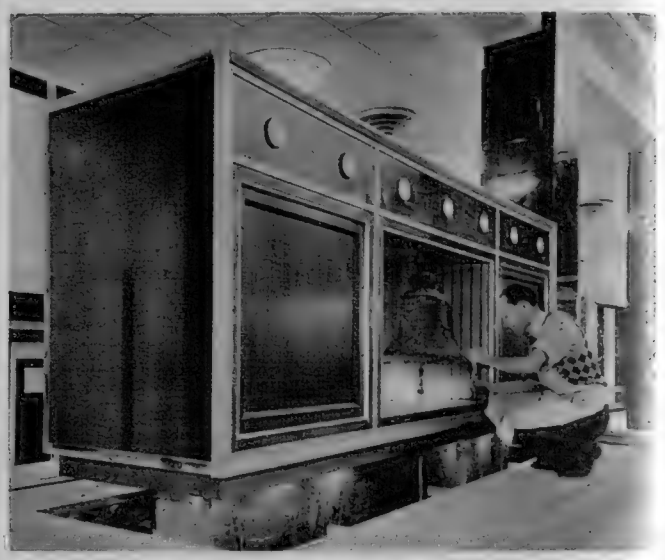
The latest American musical to arrive in England is *Bells Are Ringing*, at the London Coliseum. The well-known Hollywood actress, Janet Blair, is playing the part created by Judy Holliday in the current New York production. Miss Blair plays a switchboard operator for a telephone answering service. She falls in love with a telephone voice, that of a non-writing playwright (George Gaynes), who has a penchant for hard drink.

There is plenty of sophisticated humour mixed with the romantic charm of the plot and the songs are tuneful. The lyrics are by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, music is by Jule Styne.

A SCENE OF SATIRE: Ella visits a drug store occupied by "Marlon Brando" types in an effort to find an acting job for Blake Barton (Franklin Fox), who is seated on the left-hand stool in front of the counter. This scene is intended as satire upon the controversial film *The Wild One*, in which Marlon Brando was the leading actor.

THE VAST NEW UNDERWRITING ROOM: A large part of the new Lloyd's building is taken up by the 340-ft.-long Underwriting Room. The famous "Lutine" Bell is on the rostrum at the right. During busy periods it is expected that 3,500 men will use the room, thought to be the largest Exchange hall in Europe.

NELSON'S PORTRAIT AND A LOGBOOK: A room is devoted to the memory of Lord Nelson. His portrait hangs at one end beneath the "England Expects . . ." signal hoisted at Trafalgar. On the cabinet below the portrait is a logbook from the battle.



A NEW SETTING FOR THE "LUTINE" BELL: A workman makes a final adjustment to the housing for the "Lutine" Bell. The screens on both sides will give the whereabouts of brokers being called.

A1 AT LLOYD'S

The New Headquarters of the World-famous Insurance Organisation

Last Thursday the Queen Mother, accompanied by Princess Margaret, opened the new Lloyd's building in Lime Street, in the City of London. The great marine and general insurance and shipping intelligence organisation, founded in a coffee house in 1688 by Thomas Lloyd, has now a premium annual income approaching £250,000,000.

The foundation-stone of the new building was laid by the Queen in 1952. It replaces a building erected as recently as 1928, so great has been the expansion of the volume of Lloyd's business.

The architect, Mr. Terence Heysham, for twenty-two years the assistant of Sir Edwin Cooper, has produced a "modern design with traditional feeling." One of the largest post-war constructions in the City, the building cost nearly £5,000,000.

AN ADAM ADAPTATION: The Committee Room in the new building incorporates the chimneypiece, ceiling and panels from the Adam Great Room at Bowood House, Wilts. There is a possibility that the new Lloyd's building will be made more easily accessible to the general public.

ANOTHER EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ROOM: The Chairman's Room in the Committee Suite is beautifully furnished with antiques of the Adam period. The new Lloyd's building is connected with the old by a bridge across Lime Street.

WATER—OUR UNNOTICED RAW MATERIAL

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

ONE of the most characteristic pieces of industrial architecture of our landscape to-day is a huge concrete hyperbola open to the sky, full of nothing but timber latticework and warm rain. The kind of cooling tower we usually build in Britain has an unmistakable shape of brute simplicity, like a vast vase just off a giant potter's wheel, and it is far too big not to notice—possibly 240 ft. across at the base and 300 ft. high, the largest structure of any in the power station or process plant it serves. Its job is to bring down the temperature of the water discharged from the end of an industrial process or a power turbine, which has had all the energy that the equipment can manage taken out of it but still retains quite a lot of heat, to the level where the water can be put in again at the other end.

The process is as simple as the shape of the tower (and partly depends on it). The hot water is pumped up to a high level in the tower and then allowed to cascade down over the open wooden framework to a pond below, losing its heat on the way down to the air, which is drawn in at the bottom, where the lower rim of the tower is supported a few feet off the ground, and rises in a constant cooling draught. Cooling towers like this work simply by gravity and convection: there are types that use forced draught, blowing the air upward, which enables a smaller structure to be used, but these usually mean a light plume of steam at the top and are not used very widely in Britain.

To the fuel expert, these great concrete vases may appear as funeral urns of inefficiency: they are a constant reminder that the ordinary power station can turn little more than 30 per cent. of the heat in the fuel it burns into useful energy, and employs these towers to help it waste the rest in warming up the atmosphere. But the real significance of a cooling tower lies in the fact that whereas power generation cannot avoid wasting fuel, through the inherent limits of efficiency in its equipment, it cannot afford to waste water. Some 80 gallons of water are required for every unit of electricity generated in a power station: at normal load, a 360-megawatt station will be using 15-18,000,000 gallons an hour. If it is situated by a river or a lake, it may be able to discharge all that hot water and draw in the cold water it needs in exchange; but most power stations or similar industrial plants in Britain have to re-cycle the water—cooling it in the tower, losing a little as steam and impure effluent, but taking in only a small proportion of cold "make-up water" from outside.

The thirst of a power station is exceptional, but there are a fair selection of continuous-process industries that need nearly as much water, and right across industry demand is rising. It takes 18,000 gallons of water to turn out 1 ton of pig iron, and another 65,000 gallons to make that into finished steel; a ton of paper takes and fouls 65,000 gallons of water; a gallon of oil will have used 18 gallons of water in its manufacture.

The chemical industry takes about 820,000,000 gallons of water a day in Britain, a third more than it required in 1946. Agricultural demand for water, again, is huge—and with the extension of piped supplies to all but remote farms, is becoming a big direct load on the public water supply system. When one counts in the rain required for pasture, it has been estimated that a pound of beef will have required 30 tons of water in its production; by bulk, vegetables and milk are mainly water. Much of this, obviously, comes down as rain; but now that agricultural experiments have proved the value of irrigation in humid countries like Britain as well as in the arid zones of the world, demand for water in the drier agricultural areas of South-East England seems likely to rise.

But the main demand on the water system—and the one which has determined the attitude of the average Briton towards a freely-flowing tap—is domestic demand. The British home consumer does not use as much water as his American counterpart: about 40-50 gallons per head per day when cooking, washing, sanitation, fire control and gardening are counted in, against about 100 gallons a head in the United States. But he is used to water as a "free good"; he pays a water rate for the service, but ordinarily his supplies are not metered and he can use all he wants without extra cost. His demands, moreover, set the basic standards for water purification (industry could frequently do with impurer qualities, but buys "potable" water from the main).

On a wet day, it is hard for anyone living here to believe that Britain is short of water. Certainly, enough comes down; that does not necessarily mean that enough is caught and made use of. In the continuous "hydrological cycle," it has been estimated that some 2,000 gallons per head per day, on the average, fall on Britain; about half is lost through evaporation, but even the rest would supply the country's needs several times over—if it were all collected and used.

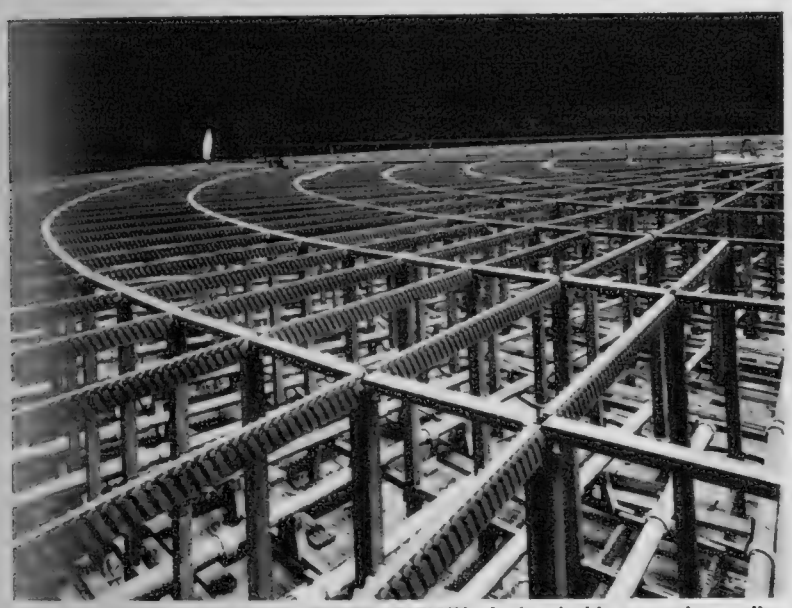
How large are those needs? Nobody quite knows: the Minister of Housing has sub-committees studying the country's water resources and consumption, but they have not yet reported the results of their calculations. Total consumption from the public supply is probably of the order of 2,500,000,000 gallons a year to-day, of which some two-thirds are unmetered supplies to homes and commercial consumers and a third metered supplies mainly to industry. But that is not all; a very large volume of water is obtained from wells and boreholes or drawn out of rivers, within which industry probably gets as much water as it buys from the public mains. About 85 per cent. of the public supply of water is said to come from overground sources, reservoirs and rivers; about 15 per cent. from springs and wells below the ground.

Between the rain and the tap, there are many slips; primarily imposed by the fact that the supply doesn't come at the right place and the right time. Britain's areas of heavy rainfall are in the West, and the bulk of demand is increasingly shifting to the east and the south. Heavy rain on the mountains of Scotland, in the Lake District and Wales, where the need calls for better drainage and flood disposal, does not keep the Thames Basin, with a rainfall of 25 ins. a year or less, from occasional periods of what Britain terms "drought"—admittedly rather a mild meaning for a bitterly dry word.

It is easy to argue, between the occasional droughts here and floods there, that the organisation of the public water supply system that distributes and purifies water throughout the country must be wrong: this is a plentiful resource, occasionally in inadequate supply. The idea of a national water grid has often been mooted (though official experts consider it impractical); suggestions for reorganising the water supply undertakings of the country are never lacking. In practice, however, the benefits to be gained look rather limited: water supply in this country already offers a wide variety of organisation, big and small, public and private, and it is not too easy to be dogmatic about the ideal structure for efficiency. There are about 1,250 undertakings, which is certainly too many; a hundred of them statutory companies which supply about a fifth of the total public throughput, and the rest owned by local authorities. The process of amalgamation is proceeding, though slowly.

Inadequacies in the supply system, such as they are, can be traced more genuinely to the limited amount of capital that has been invested in it since the war. Water supply is one of the most heavily-capitalised activities known to man, if one reckons it against the cost of the product turned out; this is partly because water is sold so cheaply, but reflects the fact that nearly all the costs are fixed. Once one has put in the reservoirs and purification systems, laid the mains and connected the consumers, the running costs are low. But so are the profits on investment in these public utilities; by the same token, improvement of the water system requires heavy investment.

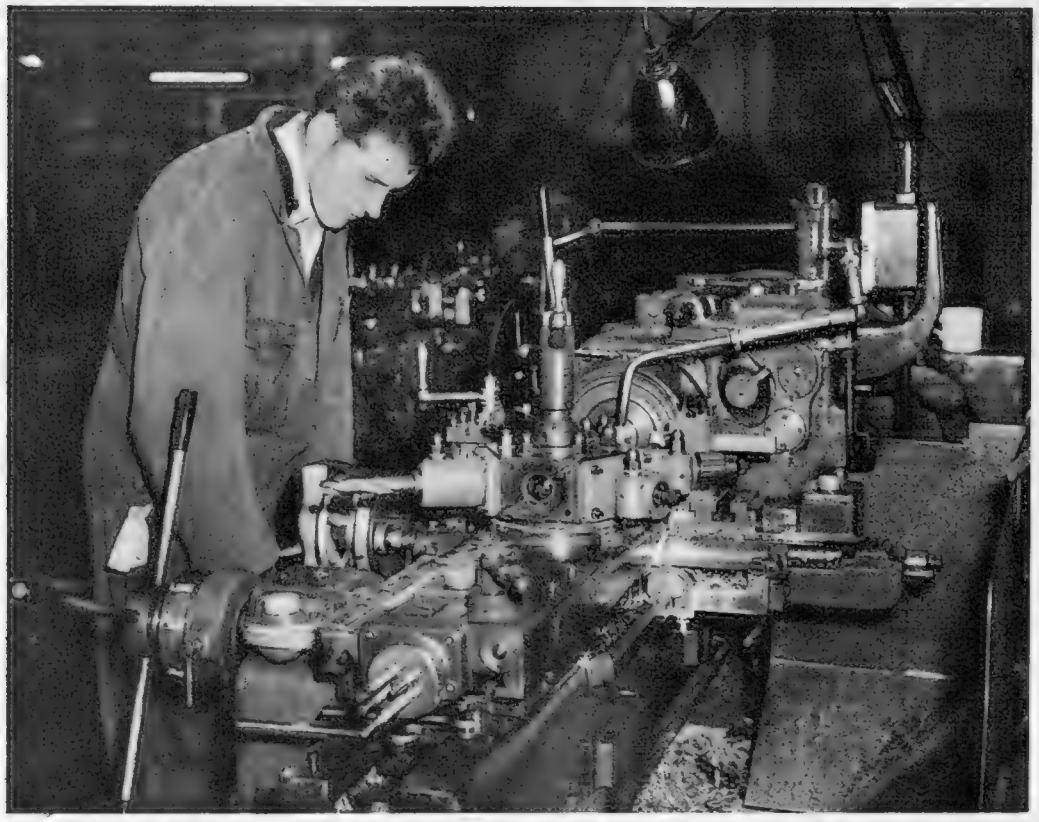
Apart from its relatively low return, Government restrictions have held down investment in Britain's water system since the war. There is a need for more capital; also for more knowledge. It was the wartime Coalition Government, not the Socialists, that proposed "a national water policy" back in 1944; though the legal framework for central research and advice exists, one can hardly say we have ever had much of it yet. Nobody can be sure, even, whether demand for water is increasing as fast as many independent experts fear, and as it seems to be abroad. But there are indications from the records of the bigger undertakings that total demand is rising steadily, and that industrial demand for water is rising fastest of all. Some people think that in the next fifteen years demand may double—which would certainly be beyond the capacity of the existing system unless extension proceeds more rapidly. There are economies to be had; industry can re-cycle more of its water, or move to the edge of the sea, as the atomic power stations are doing for the most part. But the whole picture needs clarifying: and even the domestic consumer, in the long run, may have to pay a little more if he leaves a tap running. Cheap and plentiful water is still a part of the Englishman's birthright; but twenty years ago so was coal.



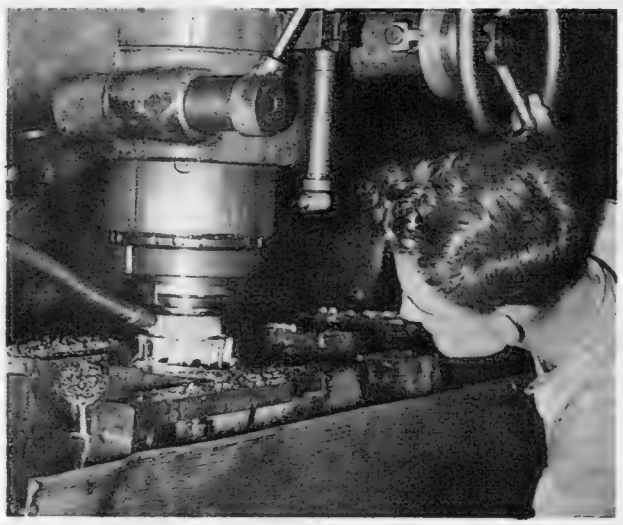
COOLING WATER AT BRITAIN'S POWER STATIONS: A view inside a massive cooling tower showing the network of pipes used in the process for cooling water. The warm water from the condensers is carried by pipes to louvres in the framework (shown in the picture) and is sprayed at many points from the top of the horizontal structure. The fine spray is cooled by the natural draught air flowing upwards through the tower, as the water falls to a pond below. In the left background the oval aperture is used as a door. *On right*—The massive cooling towers dominate the scene at the Westwood Power Station of the Central Electricity Authority, near Wigan, Lancashire.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING

—A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas



YOUTH AT WORK IN INDUSTRY: *Above*—Neil Hibbert, a nineteen-year-old apprentice, operates a Herbert No. 4 senior capstan lathe at the Stockport works of C. H. Johnson (Machinery) Limited. *Below*—Roger Thorn, of Andrew Fraser (Ealing) Limited, picks up the cut on a vertical milling machine.



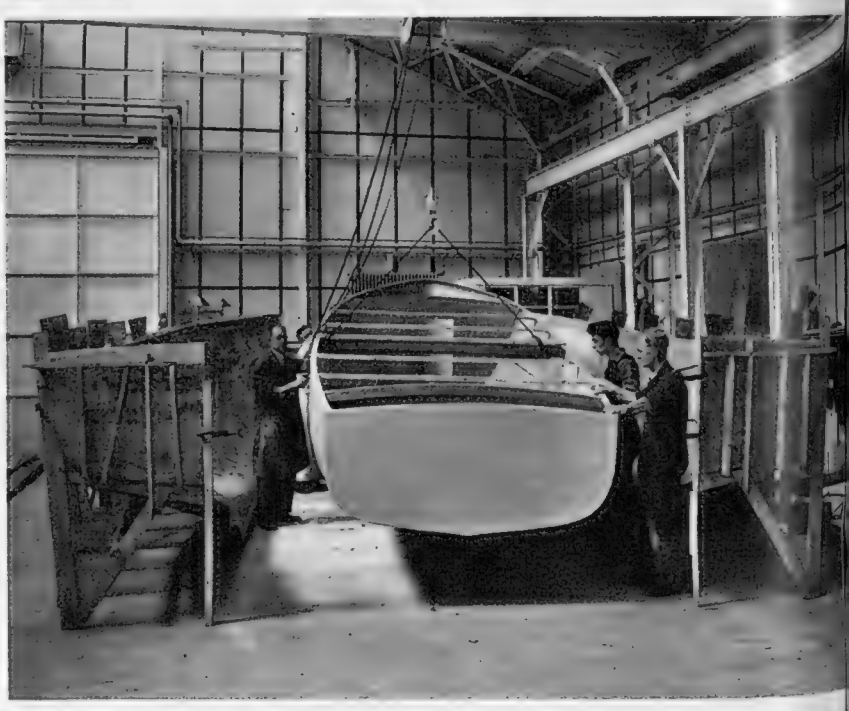
GROUP APPRENTICESHIP IN ENGINEERING

The inauguration by the Engineering Industries Association of its group apprenticeship scheme in 1955—whereby assistance is given to small but important firms who are at a disadvantage in running organised apprenticeship schemes—has provided valuable training for youths, many of whom will eventually fill important positions in industry. Since the first group was formed, the scheme has been introduced in many parts of Britain. The basis of the scheme is that a group of firms co-operates to provide apprentices with a fully comprehensive training. Each apprentice spends the first part of his time with the sponsoring firm, getting the chance to spend the other period of his apprenticeship with other firms in the group to gain additional training and experience which the sponsoring firm is unable to provide. He then moves back to the sponsoring firm to complete his time. There are eleven such groups in the country with 270 apprentices being trained in 155 firms.

EXTENSIVE PORT DEVELOPMENT AT MOMBASA

Work is progressing steadily at Kilindini, on the island of Mombasa in Kenya, on the construction of the East African Railways and Harbours' new port installations. In the general view of the site reproduced above, men can be seen at work on No. 10 berth, the stockpiles being constructed of pre-stressed concrete beams.

The existing deep-water berths extend away to the right. During his recent visit to Mombasa Mr. A. T. Lennox-Boyd, the Colonial Secretary, visited port and harbour installations and saw the new berths under construction. He described the workings of this developing port as excellent. After touring the whole area, the Colonial Secretary stood on the apron of two of the deep-water berths currently in use and watched cargo being unloaded from a number of vessels moored alongside. He then embarked on a pilot launch in which he extensively toured the harbour waters, passing the new Kipevu causeway and the site of the four new deep-water berths. The contractors for the work are K. L. Keir and Company Limited.



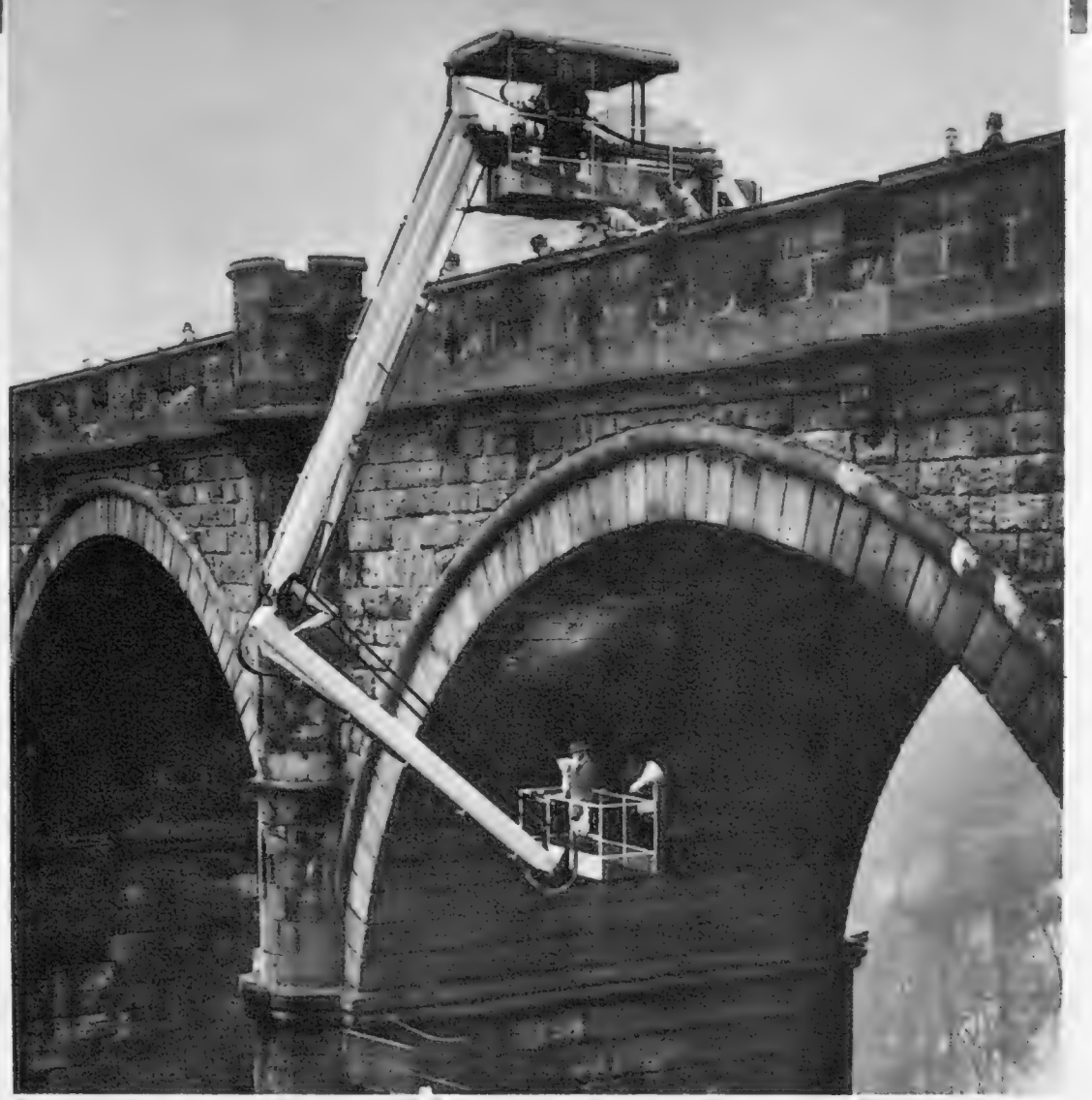
BUILDING GLASS-FIBRE CRAFT AT A FAMOUS BRITISH BOATYARD

The two pictures reproduced above show various stages in the production of glass-fibre boats at the Hampton-on-Thames boatyard of John I. Thornycroft and Company Limited. There has been a boatyard on this site at Hampton since 1881 and it has been part of the Thornycroft organisation since 1909. During this time all classes of naval, commercial and pleasure vessels have been constructed, with particular emphasis on fast craft. The constant development and scrutiny of new materials and new methods of construction now enables craft of glass-fibre reinforced plastic to be produced. Because of the need for a strict temperature control, cleanliness and freedom from damp during moulding and curing, a new fully-equipped heat-insulated building shop has been brought into service.

The plastic hulls are made from Polyester resin reinforced with glass-fibre material and the specialised method of moulding produces a highly-polished exterior skin. The hardwood members provide strength in themselves, but where these or alloy sections are bonded to the hull during moulding, additional strength is provided by the glass-fibre forms thereby produced. As a result, these strength members need no through-fastenings in the hull. The decks, bulkheads, superstructure and furniture are constructed from orthodox boat-building woods, either bonded in with glass-fibre or internally through-fastened to members provided for the purpose in the basic hull structure. A renewable wood chafing piece is fitted on the outside of the bottom of the keel.

AN IMPRESSIVE HYDRAULIC EXCAVATOR

The " Dinkum Digger Major," which made its first appearance at the Building Exhibition, is a development of Whitlock Bros. Ltd., of Great Yeldham, Essex. This company pioneered tractor-mounted hydraulic excavators in this country, and the new model is a larger and more advanced version of the " Dinkum Digger " introduced in 1952. A continuous slew and digging action through an arc of 190 degrees, with a reach of 18 ft. and excavation to 14 ft. are among features of the machine. It can be used in conjunction with a new power shovel.



A UNIQUE INSPECTION UNIT FOR VIADUCTS

The world's first rail-mounted unit for inspecting railway bridges and viaducts is seen being demonstrated at Knaresborough Viaduct by British Railways North Eastern Region. It has been developed by their engineers in conjunction with Simon Engineering (Midlands) and the Auto-Mower Engineering Company.

The truck carrying the equipment is first anchored to the track and then a 38-ft. arm with an elbow joint in the middle unfolds, operated by a diesel engine. On the end is a platform carrying the inspecting engineers, and the movements of the apparatus can be controlled from here. There is a telephone link with the other end of the arm, and floodlighting and other equipment for close inspection of the stone and steel work of an arch. By means of its hydraulic operation, the machine can carry examiners to a depth of 29 ft. below rail level.

The Sphere of Travel

WINTER SUNSHINE— FACT AND FICTION

Advice to the Traveller in Search of Warmth and Early Spring

By GORDON COOPER

THE ancient and eminent Chinese poet, Li Po, one of the eight Immortals of the Wine Goblet, awoke one morning from a heavy stupor and recited :

I woke with a bird's trilling in my ear
From out the nearby flowers and greenery,
I asked: Is it morn or evening ?
And the mango bird whistled: It is spring.

Perusing the pile of "Winter Sunshine" tourist brochures that lie beside me, I feel that the mango bird has sung to good effect in their compilers' ears, for there is never a suggestion that any of the paradises they depict ever suffer from inclement weather. Adjectives like "superb," "sun-blest," and "ideal" abound, but never a mention of snow, rain or unpleasant winds. Sometimes, indeed, I think that these ever-sunny pictures defeat their own ends, while their exaggerations can well result in disappointment to the inexperienced traveller who wants for a time to escape from the smog and damp of Britain during the first three months of the year. I consider, therefore, that some criticism can be usefully, and honestly, linked with praise. After all, there is no reason to be a blind follower of the rat-catcher of Hamelin.

There is a striking tendency for almost every country in Europe to increase its tourist trade, and every possible kind of resort is made to appear a wonder of natural beauty and comfort. Often when I see the romantic, highly-coloured posters advertising their charms I wonder what day in the year they illustrate, for I find it hard to link their shining promises with the frequently sad lustrelessness of reality. My endeavour in this article is to present the true facts about various winter sunshine resorts.

First and foremost, I place hotel comfort as an essential to be taken into consideration when deciding on where to go. This does not necessarily mean that you must stay at an expensive hotel, but you should make sure that the place in which you lodge is reasonably heated. In many places it can turn chilly, even cold, after dark, however hot the sun may have been during the day. I see no fun in shivering over one's dinner and having to go to bed immediately afterwards in order to get warm.

The second factor I look for is the supply of amenities There is a feeling of desolation in being stranded in some popular summer resort which is trying to cash in on an alleged winter season. The sparkle is just not there, and there is little to do, especially if the weather is inclement. Therefore, it is best to stick to the well-established centres which have proved their worth. Leave it to others to pioneer. At the same time, I will give some new suggestions, because the growth of air facilities is enlarging the scope of sunshine lands during the winter.

On the French Riviera you won't go far wrong in deciding on Nice, Cannes, Beaulieu, Monte Carlo and Menton. The last-named is the warmest of these towns, while Nice, Cannes and Monte Carlo are the liveliest. Beaulieu has the appeal of being much quieter, but is still within easy reach of those two bright centres, Nice and Monte Carlo. Juan-les-Pins is another suggestion. Otherwise, I think the rest of the Côte d'Azur is best left to the summer holiday-maker.

Across the frontier, where the *mistral* lessens considerably in force, Bordighera, Ospedaletti and San Remo come first in my selection, with perhaps an emphasis on the first-named. On the other side of Genoa, on the Riviera di Levante, there are Nervi (a sun-trap) and Rapallo. In all these resorts there are comfortable, well-warmed hotels, but I would stress the importance of making sure in advance that your bedroom does not face a noisy thoroughfare. This important piece of advice applies also to the French Riviera. I keep on stressing this matter of noise in my various notes, not merely because of some personal allergy, but for the reason that I find so many people on holiday abroad have found it has been a painful infliction.

IN THE SUNSHINE OF SOUTHERN SPAIN: Windows and balconies are gay with flowers and plants in the Santa Cruz quarter of Seville. Andalusia is a region in which the winter traveller can be reasonably sure of many sunny days.

Elsewhere on the mainland of Italy, I can recommend Amalfi, Positano and Ravello, all on the southern, and sheltered, side of the Sorrentine peninsula, but I am rather dubious about Sorrento and Capri, which both appear in travel agents' lists. For an island in the Bay of Naples, I think Ischia might be a better choice, although the available hotel accommodation at this time of year is not so satisfactory as on Capri.

Personally, for winter sunshine in Italy, I think Sicily is hard to beat. I find it difficult to believe there is anything more lovely in Europe than the Sicilian spring. As a place of residence, for a week or more, there are Palermo, Syracuse and Taormina. It is important, however, that the characteristics of each of these centres should be studied carefully before coming to a decision. What might suit Jones perfectly might be quite unpalatable to Smith. As an example, the atmosphere of Palermo is thoroughly satisfying to me, yet I have been told by others that the city is far too noisy and dirty for their liking. Again, the classical environment of Syracuse enchants me, but some visitors find it dull. This leaves Taormina as the fashionable choice, which again is what some visitors wish to avoid.

There is also an opportunity to tour ancient Trinacria, visiting the various important classical sites. This can be done

BY SEA, LAND AND AIR

TWO winter cruises to India and South Africa have been announced by Lloyd Triestino. The m.v. *Victoria* sails from Genoa on December 30 and returns on February 13, after visiting Naples, Suez, Aden, Karachi, Bombay and Colombo. A second cruise goes to South Africa by m.v. *Europa* calling at Brindisi, Suez, Aden, Mombasa, Dar-es-Salaam, Beira, Durban and Cape Town. Most travel agents have details, the return fares running from £190 to £360, shore excursions and tours being extra.

The popularity of the Boulogne-Lyons Car-Sleeper Express has prompted French Railways to double the number of departures next year. The service will run daily except Wednesdays from May 16 to October 3 from Boulogne, and from May 16 to October 4 from Lyons. One additional amenity which will be much appreciated by passengers is the restaurant car. This will be attached to the train between Laroche and Lyons, for breakfast on the outward journey and for dinner on the way back. Anyone who has driven down the N.6 to Lyons will appreciate the great advantage of having the car journey from the Channel coast to the Côte d'Azur or the Italian Riviera cut by two-thirds. The cost is not excessive. For example, for a car not exceeding 14 ft. 6 ins. in length, the return journey, including a reserved couchette sleeping berth for two passengers is only £32 from Boulogne to Lyons. One could argue that the petrol alone for such a journey would amount to £8 at least, and the accommodation en route to another £6. The saving in time cannot be estimated, but for anyone confined to a fortnight or three weeks it is very important indeed. Incidentally, it should be remembered that you can book in advance for this service at Victoria Station, Silver City Airways Limited or the Autotravel Department of Cooks.

The Strasbourg-Entzheim airport has just been completed. From March 15 next, a daily air service will be available to and from Paris. The journey lasts two hours and provides connections with practically every capital in Europe.

I rather like the service provided by French Railways for self-drive car hire. For instance, a business man visiting Lille can have a Renault "750" meet him at the station, the daily hire being 34 shillings for a minimum of sixty kilometres and 3½d. per kilometre being charged over that distance. A deposit of £30 is required, which is refundable, and a booking fee of £2 is charged. For further information and bookings apply to French Railways in Piccadilly or your local travel agent.

W.D.C.C.

THE ATTRACTION OF THE FRENCH RIVIERA: Looking along the ground. Behind it to the right is the flat roof of the fashionable plage in front of numerous big hotels. Nice

by means of the "Golden Ribbon" service maintained by C.I.A.T., which includes stays or visits to Palermo, Segesta, Selinunte, Agrigento, the Roman Villa near Piazza Armerina, Syracuse, Taormina and Cefalu. I made this circuit earlier this year, and found it excellent, especially as you can arrange to break your itinerary en route. This is especially necessary in the case of Syracuse, where most travellers are led to believe that its glories can be seen in a couple of hours' conducted tour. Worth noting, too, is the De Luxe Escorted Tour offered by C.I.T. (21 days for £126 15s.), which also includes two days in Naples and four days in Rome.

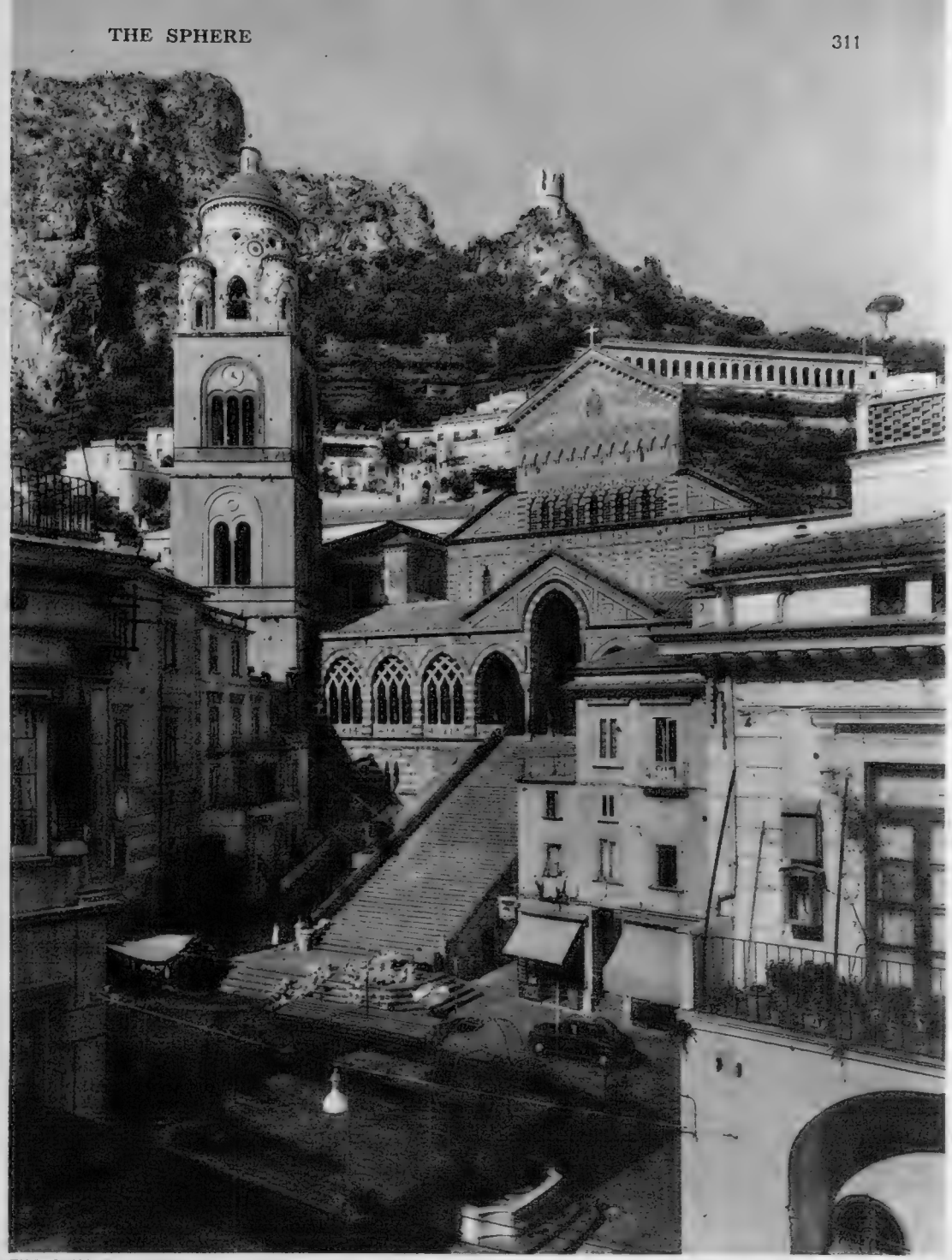
Spain is another country where you can be reasonably sure of many sunny days. Palma can be pleasant in its early spring, while S'Agaro, on the Costa Brava, offers as good a climate as you will find on the French Riviera. Its luxury Hostal de la Gavina means that you can be sure of comfort. Alicante, much further south, is one of the driest resorts in Europe, and I recommend it for anyone satisfied with a quiet holiday. Along the Andalusian coast, the Hotel Reina Cristina, long-established and superbly run, is the only place I would care to recommend, although Malaga and Torremolinos appear in travel agents' lists. I think, however, Seville and possibly Cordoba might be considered.

Motor-coach tours make an early appearance in Spain, an admirable one at this time of year being operated by Thos. Cook. It visits Gibraltar, Seville, Cordoba, Granada, Malaga and Tangier, the terminal being Gibraltar, with air connection from and to London. The inclusive charge for this 12 days' holiday is 78 guineas. Motorways operate a more extensive tour, with travel all the way from London by Motor Pullman ; the 26-day holiday costs 149 guineas. Wings Ltd. offer a remarkable bargain : by chartered plane all the way to Seville, Tangier and Palma, with short stays in each place. It is even possible to book for these tours to include Seville Holy Week and Seville Spring Fair in their itinerary. Both are wonderful experiences and normally all available accommodation is already fully booked. The inclusive cost of each holiday is 48 guineas, slightly more for the tours taking in the events in Seville.

In the past I was never particularly impressed by Gibraltar as a winter resort, but a recent visit to the Rock Hotel, much improved under its new management, makes me feel that it now merits recommendation. It is true that you may be unlucky with the *Levante*, an unpleasant wind which can blow for two or three days (you get it also on the southern Andalusian coast), while the Rock itself is rather cramped for space. Yet it has the advantages of being very easily reached from Britain, is an excellent base for interesting excursions into Spain and to Morocco, and there are many days of fine sunshine. Incidentally, prices for the pleasing extras of life are cheap.

Despite propaganda, Morocco can be very cold and wet during January and February, but climatic conditions improve considerably in March. There is one place, however, where you can be absolutely sure of warm winter sunshine : Agadir. There are some good hotels, too. On its magnificent beach bathing in January is no mere legend. Indeed, I would say that this is the only resort within reasonable reach of Britain where the climate is almost sure to be good all the time.

ront at Nice, the Quai des Etats-Unis is in the fore-ower Market. To the left the beach curves to the one of the Riviera's liveliest towns in the winter.



THE ORNATE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY GOTHIC PORCH OF THE CATHEDRAL AT AMALFI : A flight of sixty-two steps ascends from the market in the square to the Lombard-Norman building. Behind the roof is the arcade of the cemetery. Amalfi is on the southern and sheltered side of the Sorrentine peninsula, in Italy.

In Portugal, Estoril is the only possible resort of size that can be recommended, even though it now rather lacks its pre-war fashionable atmosphere ; and Lisbon is within easy reach. Further south is Praia da Rocha, where conditions are as good as anywhere on the mainland of Europe. Its appeal, however, is definitely to those satisfied with a quiet holiday.

Madeira and the Canaries claim, justifiably, to be islands of eternal spring. While the attractions of Funchal, Las Palmas and Tenerife are well known, I would also like to draw attention to Santa Cruz de la Palma (on the island of La Palma, not to be confused with Las Palmas). Its former awkwardness of access has now been overcome by a new direct air service (Iberia) from Las Palmas and Tenerife. Undoubtedly, La Palma is the most beautiful and most luxuriant island in the group, and it has a pleasant State-run Parador, where you can lodge in comfort. There are opportunities, too, for some fascinating excursions.

Normally, the cost of reaching the Canaries is rather high, but Lunn's offer a fortnight's holiday there from 89 guineas, flying you there and back by chartered Viscount. This is about the same as the normal air fare alone.

Briefly, I will mention Malta, Tripoli and Beirut, all possibles for a winter holiday. Of the three, I prefer Beirut, for it has a fine climate (somewhat humid, however), excellent hotels, varied entertainments, and a particularly hospitable people. You can fly there by Viscount (Middle East Airways) in about ten hours.

While almost all the places named so far in this article lie by the sea, for those who prefer to take a holiday inland I suggest that Aix-en-Provence, Lugano, and Locarno, in the Ticino, and Lindau, on Lake Constance, merit consideration. They all have good hotels, and even in rainy weather there are opportunities for entertainment of various kinds.

SOME RECOMMENDED HOTELS

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Ospedaletti	*Regina*
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Rapallo	*Excelsior*
Positano	*Le Sirenuse*
Ravello	*Palumbo*
Amalfi	*Santa Caterina*
Palermo	*Villa Igea, Mondello Palace (at Mondello)*
Syracuse	*Villa Politi*
Taormina	*Timeo*
Palma	*Victoria*
Agadir	*Marhaba*
Las Palmas	*Parque*
Puerto de la Cruz (Tenerife)	*Gran Taoro*
Estoril	*Parque*
Praia da Rocha	*Bela Vista*
Beirut	*Riviera*
Aix-en-Provence	*Riviera*
Lugano	*Eden*
Locarno	*Park*
Lindau	*Bad Schachen*

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C.I.T., 10, *Charles II Street, London, S.W.*1.
*Thos. Cook and Son Ltd., Berkeley Street, W.*1.
Frames' Tours Ltd., 25, *Tavistock Place, W.C.*1.
Lunn's Ltd., 36, *Edgware Road, W.*2.
Motorways Ltd., 85, *Knightsbridge, S.W.*1.
Swans Tours Ltd., 260, *Tottenham Court Road, W.*1.
Wings Ltd., 48, *Park Road, N.W.*1.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE OLD TOWER COVENTRY'S NEW CATHEDRAL TAKES SHAPE: The nave walls are now 20 ft. high. In the circular site in the left foreground are the foundations of the Guild Chapel which is to take the place of all the Guild Chapels in the old Cathedral. Its purpose is to hallow the industries of Coventry. The left-hand spire is that of the old Cathedral, most of which was destroyed by enemy action in 1940, and the spire on the right is that of Holy Trinity Church.

THE NEW COVENTRY

A Further Stage in Rebuilding the Cathedral

Since work began in 1954 the building of the new Coventry Cathedral has been progressing steadily. The wall around the nave has reached a height of 20 ft. and the striking outline of the new building is beginning to make itself apparent. Professor Basil Spence, the architect, has made minor modifications to his original plan, but the general pattern of the design, which in 1951 won the Commonwealth competition for the new Cathedral, remains the same. Perhaps the most interesting feature of this design is the way in which the Gothic tower and war-damaged ruins of the 500-year-old building have been incorporated in the new church, although the latter is completely modern in style and feeling.

Another point of interest is that the nave is orientated on a north-south axis, with the altar at the north end instead of the customary east. The whole of the exterior is to be of pink-grey sandstone which harmonises in colour with the ruins. The ceiling of the nave will take the form of an immense canopy, or baldachino, and will be made of thin but very strong reinforced concrete. The nave is 270 ft. long and 80 ft. wide, roughly the size of the old Cathedral, but when finished it will be some 20 ft. higher. Over 1,300 people will be able to attend services, and on special occasions the congregation can be increased to 2,000.

THE JAGGED "CLIFFS" OF THE NAVE WALLS: The 3-ft.-thick nave walls are seen from the south end. The windows are those of "Hallowing Places" which are to be set in each angle of the wall. They will represent part of the daily life of Everyman, and are a modern revival of a medieval idea. All light is thrown towards the altar, and the visitor who faces it will be unable to see any direct light at all.

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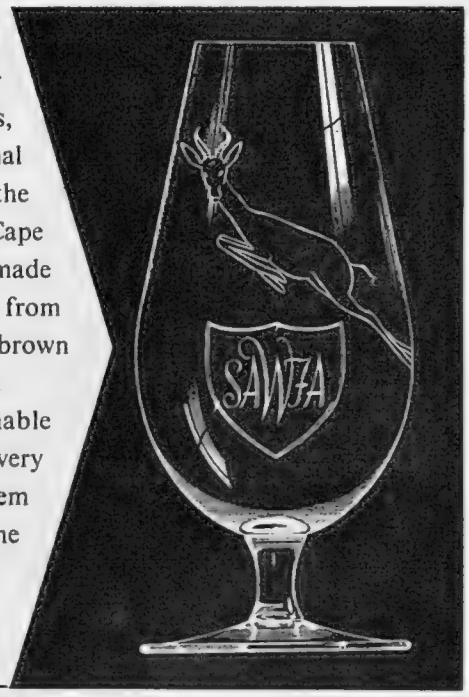

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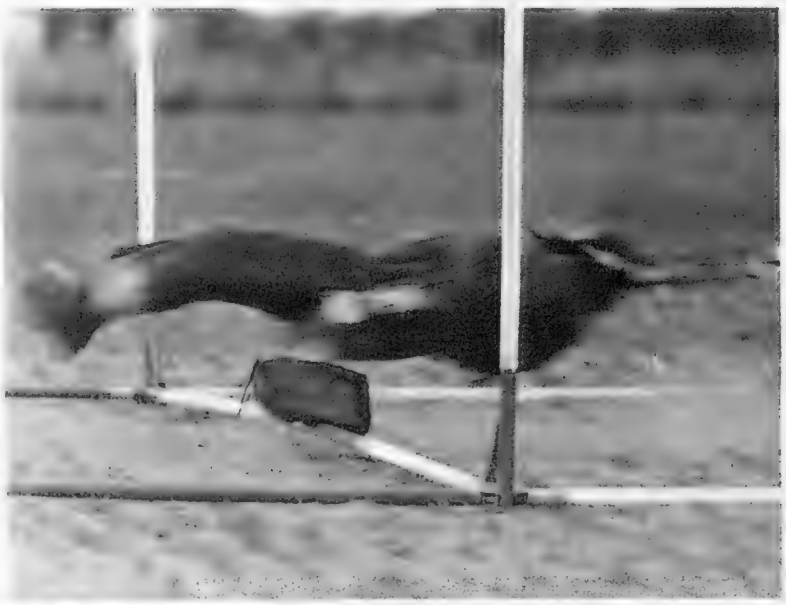
A JOURNEY INTO SPACE

Pictures Showing a Spectacular New Method of Air Rescue in America

ALL SET FOR A SPECTACULAR ASCENT: Mr. Harry Conway, an engineering assistant employed at the All American Engineering Company, of Wilmington, Delaware, U.S.A., sits on the ground at Sussex County Airport waiting to be lifted into the air by a long lead trailing from an aircraft passing overhead. The hook at the end of the lead attaches itself to a nylon loop fixed on a special harness worn by Mr. Conway.

THE VITAL MOMENT IN A NEW METHOD OF AIR RESCUE: Without reducing its speed, a Grumman Albatross amphibian aircraft flashes overhead at 150 m.p.h., the hook of the lead about to attach itself to the loop on the harness. The engineer is sitting on a cushion, knees drawn to chest and head bent forward to prevent injuries.

AN AIRBORNE PASSENGER: The hook has attached itself safely to the harness and Mr. Conway is snatched into the air on the first stage of his journey. *On right*—He has gained slight altitude as the aircraft begins to climb with its human cargo in tow. Mr. Conway's arms are clenched tightly to the harness for safety.



PICKING UP SPEED: The blurred body looks like a greyhound leaving its trap as it gains speed, swinging through the upright poles which form part of the stationary equipment. The cushion on which Mr. Conway was sitting has bounced over the horizontal bar. *On right*—The engineer is being drawn to the aircraft's cabin door by a power-driven winch. He was safely inside the aircraft three minutes after beginning his remarkable journey.

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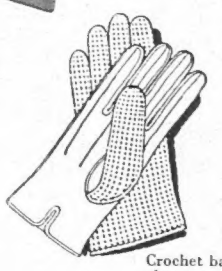
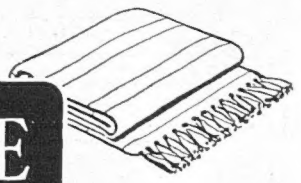


Crochet back gloves, tan calf palm **31/6d.**



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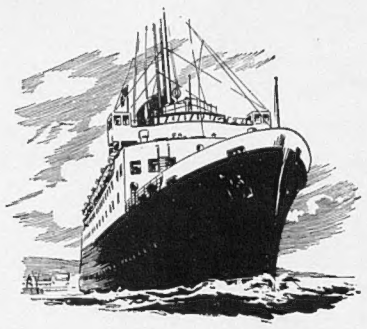

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Full information, Tickets and Reservations from Principal Travel Agents or Continental Enquiry Office, British Railways (Southern Region) Victoria Station, London, S.W.1.

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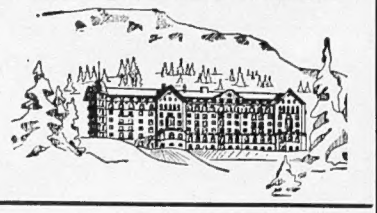

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Timeless gods of Raraku

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